The RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volune XXIII JUNE, 1936 No. 6

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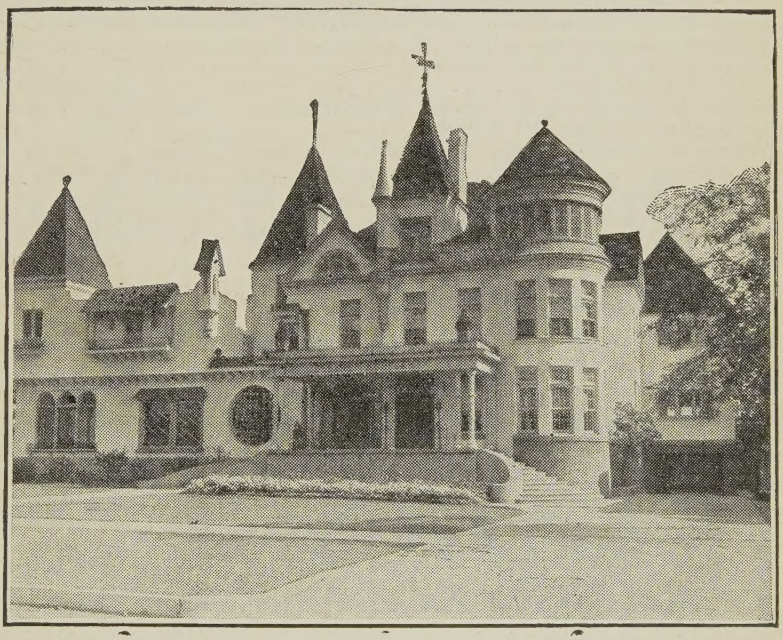

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXIII JUNE, 1936 No. 6

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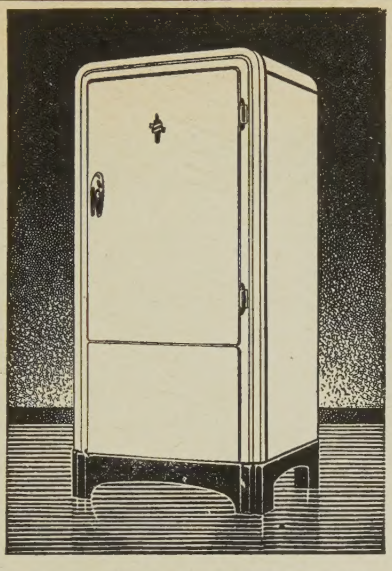

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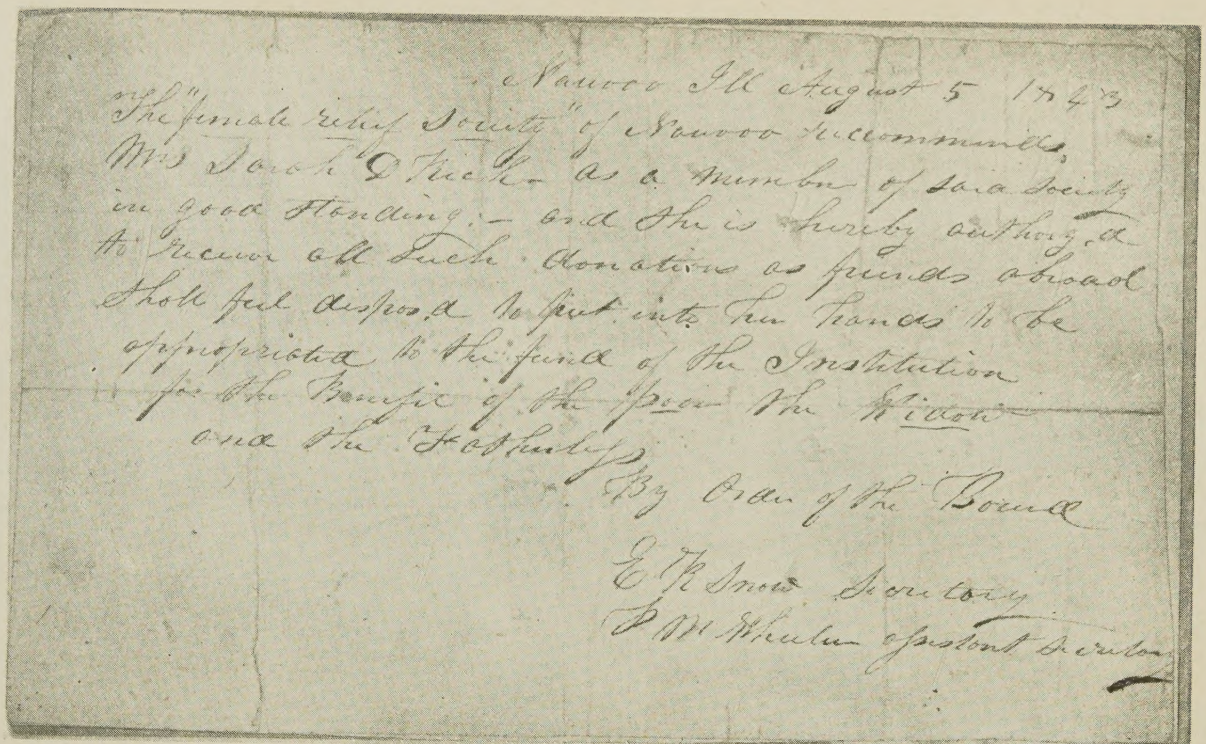


Nauvoo Ill August 5 1843

The "Female Relief Society" of Nauvoo Recommends Mrs Sarah D Rich as a Member of said Society in good Standing — and She is hereby authorized to Receive all such donations as friends abroad shall feel disposed to put into her hands to be appropriated to the fund of the Institution for the Benefit of the poor the Widow and the Fatherless

By Order of the Board

E R Snow Secretary

P W Rhodes Assistant Secretary

AN INTERESTING OLD DOCUMENT. THE ORIGINAL IS OWNED BY MRS. EDWARD I. RICH

CYCLE

By Alberta H. Christensen

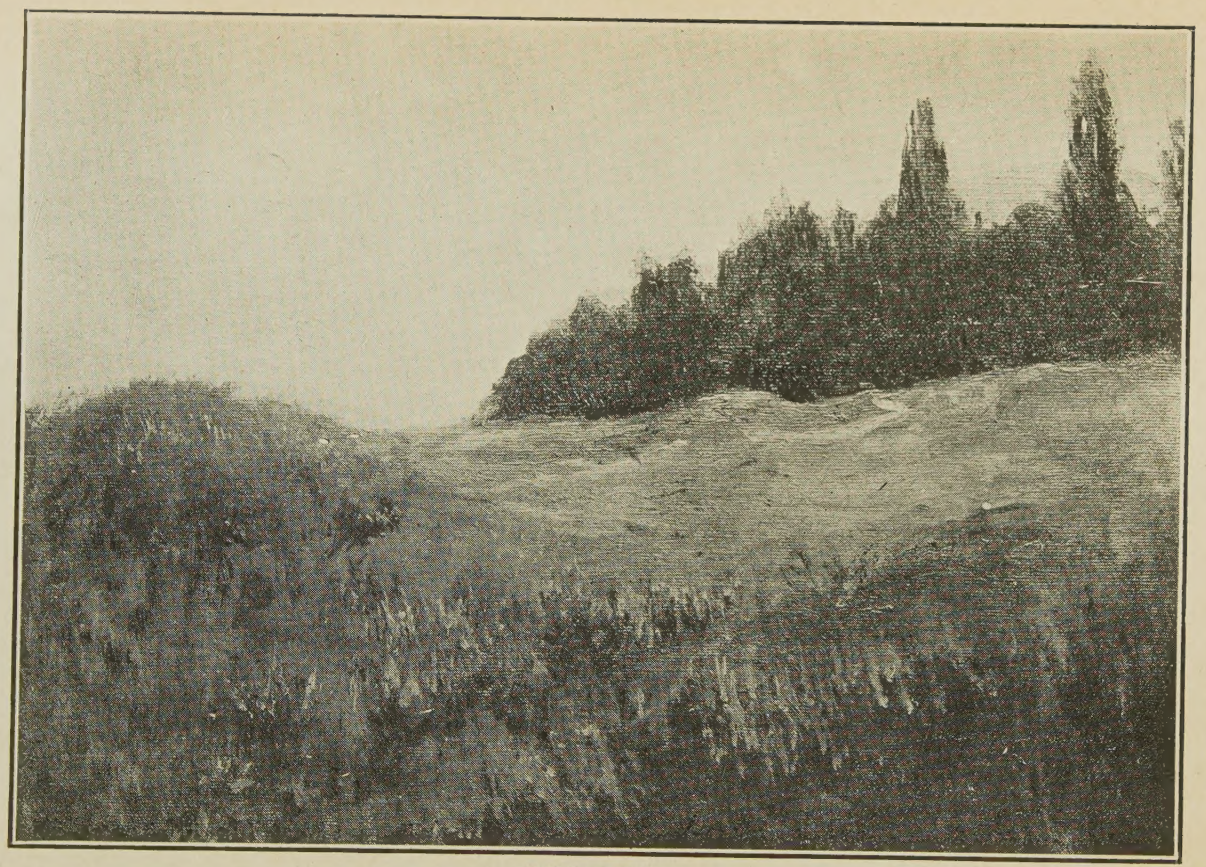
"I wish, my dear, you'd wear the sort of hat
Your mother wore," my father often said,
"A drooping brim with flowers and a bow.
These strange new things that tilt this way and that
Look quite absurd, I think, upon your head."
I fretted—just to tease—but wondered why
Some magic bound him to a day gone by.

Tonight another man—with graying hair—
Said to our daughter—turning seventeen,
"Why don't you ever wear a frock of green,
A crisp bouquet pinned neatly at the waist?
The things you moderns wear reveal no taste!"

I saw her frown and on her full young lip
Resentment lurked, then father-like he said,
"There, there Lynette," and kissed her auburn head.

The years came back: recalled a buried moon—
A lighted lawn with lanterns in the air.
* * * * I did not speak, but as I neared his chair,
Within his eyes, although my own were wet,
I caught the gleam that neither could forget.

A leghorn hat! A gown of years ago!
Oh once I could not see how dreams can bind,
* * * * But now I know



HILL SIDE

Mary Teasdel.

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXIII JUNE, 1936 NO. 6

Address

By President Heber J. Grant

(Delivered at the Relief Society Conference, Friday, April 3, 1936)

I AM sure that none of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are more grateful and thankful for a Prophet of God, than are the members of the Relief Society. The fact that Joseph Smith, the instrument in the hands of the living God in establishing again upon the earth the Gospel of Jesus Christ, saw fit to organize the Relief Society, and to tell of the wonderful things which they were to accomplish, fills our hearts with gratitude upon this, and all other occasions.

I am grateful indeed that it fell to my lot to be perhaps as intimate with Sisters Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. H. Young, Bathsheba W. Smith and Aunt Emmeline B. Wells, from the time that I was a little child until they passed away, as any of the brethren. My mother, being president of the 13th Ward Relief Society for thirty long years, with Bathsheba Smith as one of her Counselors, and with Aunt Emmeline B. Wells as Secretary, I cannot remember when I did not know these sisters and was intimate with them.

I have perhaps announced before, but I will announce again, that in a meeting of some of the Presidents of Ward Relief Societies held in the Salt Lake Stake, which then embraced the entire County of Salt Lake, I was a child, playing on the floor. Eliza R. Snow had the gift of tongues, and Sister Zina D. Young gave the interpretation, and predicted that I should live to be one of the Apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ in this last dispensation. Naturally, I have been very grateful for that splendid blessing given to me. At that time I did not understand it, I did not comprehend it—did not know anything about it. Being an only child, my mother having no one to leave me with, and living in poverty, I was a regular attender at Relief Society meetings, and have often remarked that I was almost entitled to be counted as a charter member of the 13th Ward society.

I AM delighted today with all that I have heard. I have never attended one of your General Conference meetings but what I have partaken of the very fine and splendid spirit, and it is the spirit that gives life. Preaching and talking means but very little unless our lives are lived in perfect harmony with our teachings. It is under the inspiration of the Spirit of the Lord when speaking that our words carry con-

viction to the hearts of men. I have listened to a great many men pray and preach, when their remarks made no impression upon me, knowing their lives, and of their neglect or failure to do their duty in the Church. I was with a man at one time who shook hands with a great speaker, and said, "I did not hear a word you said today," (he was not a member of the Church, by the way), "your acts thunder so loud I could not hear anything you said." It is by our acts, it is by the Spirit of the Living God that abides with us, that we are able to accomplish in the battle of life those things that are for our advancement and the advancement of those with whom we come in contact.

THE spirit of the Relief Society is one of charity, long suffering, forgiveness, and that is the finest spirit in the world.

I call to mind a certain man guilty of immorality. He claimed to have repented, and asked to be forgiven. The Apostles had tried this man, and President John Taylor wrote a letter in which he stated that he could be baptized provided each and every member of the Council of the Twelve gave their consent, as they had tried the case, and he could not be baptized if there was one solitary man of the Twelve who would not give his consent. He said, "I want every man to vote in accordance with the conviction of his heart, not simply to make it unanimous, unless in his heart of hearts he is in favor of the baptism." The vote was taken, and was, as I remember, six to six. Time rolled on, and a vote was taken again, and it was eight to four. Some months rolled on and it was taken again, and it was ten to two, and finally I happened to drop into the President's office (I was one of the two) and he said to me, "Brother so and so was in yesterday and has given his consent for this man to be baptized, how do you feel about it? I said, "I am perfectly willing to vote for him to be baptized if you want me to, but you know what you put in your letter, that a man should vote according to the convictions of his heart, and my convictions are that he is not fit to be baptized. I maintain that a man who could be guilty of the crime he was, and lie about it, and claim that the woman had slandered him, and finally learning he was guilty of immorality twice, such a man, in my judgment, ought to stay out of the Church." "Well," he said, "all right." I said, "You just tell me to vote yes, and I'll vote." "Oh no, I'll never tell you, my boy," (he often referred to me as "My Boy"), "stay with your conviction, but how will you feel if you should get to heaven and this man appears and says, 'I repented in sack cloth and ashes for the wrong that I had done, but this man (pointing to you) would not allow me to be baptized." I said, "I shall just feel fine, and I will look the Lord square in the eye, and I will tell Him any man who would accuse a woman of blackmail, and being a liar, and was not only guilty once but twice of losing his virtue, so to speak (of course he did not have his virtue the second time) I do not think he is fit to be in the Church." "All right, my boy, stay with your conviction, but suppose he should die before baptism." I said, "Let him die."

On the way from the President's office I looked at my watch, and found that if I walked to my office, which was three blocks away, and back again, I would only have from three to five minutes to be in the office, so I decided to go home and read a little before lunch. At the

time I was reading the Doctrine and Covenants prayerfully, humbly, systematically. There was a book mark in it, but when I picked it up it did not open at the mark, thank the Lord. I opened it at the following passage: "I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men.

"And ye ought to say in your hearts—let God judge between me and thee, and reward thee according to thy deeds."—Doctrine and Covenants 64:10-11.

I just shut up the book and put my hat on and walked right back to President Taylor's office. When I shut the book up I said, "If the devil asks for baptism and says he has repented I will baptize him." When I got to the President's office and told him I had come to give my consent that this man be baptized, he sat in his chair and indulged in one of his regular habits, to laugh and shake his body. "Well, my boy, my boy, my boy, how did it happen? It is so sudden." I told him how it happened and he said, "When you left here a few minutes ago did you not feel you could enjoy striking this man between the eyes, especially when you thought what if he had destroyed the virtue of your wife, or of your daughter?" "That is just the way I felt." President Taylor said, "How do you feel now?" I answered, "I hope the poor old sinner can be forgiven." He said, "Heber, I put that clause in that letter for you and for my son John. Old men for charity, for love, for forgiveness; young men for justice. You have learned your lesson young in life. If I had told you to vote to have this man baptized it might have been fifty years before you learned this fine lesson. You have learned today that charity and forgiveness are marvelous things for us to cultivate. It brings happiness and joy and peace to the human heart when you forgive people who are really and truly repentant of their sins."

SINCE that time there has been twenty-six different changes in the Presidency and Apostles of the Church, and so from that time until now I can say that I have been grateful indeed for having learned that lesson in my youth, and there is nothing in the world that is more splendid than to have in our hearts a desire to forgive the sinner if he only repents, but I want to say do not forgive the sinner if he does not repent. "By this ye shall know that a man has repented, that he confesses his sin and forsakes it, and is guilty no more." It is up to the Lord, however, and unless they confess their sin we are not obligated to forgive, but when they really and truly repent it is one of the obligations that rest upon us to forgive those who have sinned.

I DO not want the people outside who wish to come in to the organ recital to have any trouble getting in, and as it is going to take about six minutes for the Singing Mothers to sing, and about a couple of minutes, I suppose, for the benediction, I think that we should not run overtime, although I know we can get out of this building very quickly. It is I think the finest and most splendid building in all the world of its size for exits. You can empty this building in two or three minutes when it is crowded to overflowing, and I never think of this building without being grateful for the inspiration of Brother Brigham Young in planning and designing it.

I SINCERELY pray for the blessings of the Lord to be and abide with the officers of this association.

I repeat again that I have thoroughly enjoyed everything that I have heard here, and I echo the sentiments of Brother Clark in regard to my admiration for the Singing Mothers. I naturally have a wonderful admiration for a mother, seeing that my mother was both mother and father to me, as my father died when I was nine days old, and her unquestioned devotion to the Gospel, her love of it, and her magnificent example have been the guiding stars of my life.

MAY God bless each and all of the mothers of the Church, and particularly those who are laboring in the Relief Society, and all the officers of the various associations throughout the Church, at home and abroad, in the missions all over the world, and I ask it in the name of our Redeemer and Savior. Amen.

The Mother

By Ivy Williams Stone

BECAUSE she was eighty-three, the birthday party was set for three o'clock. All four of her children had demurred; but the trained nurse, who lived with her under the guise of a young woman needing a home, had been firm in her decision. The weakened heart could no longer endure long hours; there must be no excitement, no confusion, no deviation from the quiet routine that pervaded the little house.

Esther, the eldest of the four children, was phenomenally successful. Due to her dynamic energy and organizing ability, she had built up a house dress factory from the humble beginning of three, foot-power machines to a payroll of two hundred employees. Three hundred dresses were laid for each cutting; rainbows of color moved with true factory precision from one operator to another. Machines that seemed superhuman embroidered, ruffled, hemmed, bound, overlapped, picoted, hemstitched, buttonholed and sewed buttons. Under Esther's capable management house dresses for women had ceased to be creations of drab utility. The combined beauty with durability. They sold. First orders became repeat orders.

Horace, the only son, was a combination horticulturist, florist, botanist, agronomist. His sisters laughingly described him as being able to name anything that grew by its *smell.* His gardens were famous. His greenhouses were fashionable; no social affair was truly perfect unless the news story read "Decorations by Wardman." People called him "Burbank the Second." But the finest achievement of this man who lived to love flowers was a *patented rose.* He was the first person to file patent on a *living* thing. He had carefully, painstakingly, tirelessly nurtured and guarded a sport of nature. Gossip whispered he had been offered a fabulous price by an eastern firm. Soon the WARDMAN ROSE would be on the market, and fame was already knocking at the door of the mild mannered man in his middle forties.

Marie, the third child, was the social success of the family. Marie was acquainted with every caterer, every beautician, every confectioner in the northern part of the state.

She knew every successful socialite and every "would-be." She was compiling a "Who's Who" of the state for the governor's wife. She had memorized her Emily Post with more zeal than history students display in learning the Gettysburg Address. She knew what to wear and when to wear it; what to say and when to say it. She was beautiful, truly a lily of the field. And aided with her husband's money and beautician's art she was a well preserved matron, beautiful, charming, poised, popular. Her days and nights were filled with social appointments and obligations. Flitting from one event to another, she was as happy as bees in a clover field.

Grace, the youngest, was a bachelor girl, to her mother's dismay. No need for a husband in her scheme of life. Her apartment was charming, her life as full, her finances as secure as if she had a wealthy, indulgent spouse. Housewives and laborers, students and professors found humor and surcease from the humdrum of their own lives in reading her daily syndicated column of jingles and light verse. Her royalties were substantial and gratifying. Her quick imagination and ready tongue saw jingles in every phase of life which she contacted. The fact that she was forty-five and unmarried held no terror for Grace Wardman. She wrote of her own spinsterhood as readily as she composed rhymes of shopmen and golfers, shop girls and debutantes.

AT three o'clock Mrs. Wardman was ready to receive her children. Her birthday was the one occasion throughout the year that all the children came together. Soft, comfortable, specially made shoes covered the bunioned feet that had paced the oxen in the slow trek over the plains. The full sleeves of the black silk dress concealed the arms that were withered and shrunken; real lace fell in soft folds over the hands that were blue veined and twisted from toil. Her deep upholstered chair had been carefully chosen to rest the weakened body that had provided home, food and education for her fatherless children during all their years of dependency.

Her hair had been arranged by Marie's favorite beautician. The pale cheeks had been slightly rouged. Around her shoulders the nurse had draped the lavender silk shawl which the busy Esther had ordered sent from a smart shop. It was an exact replica of the one Esther had sent last year, and the year before that. The dining table almost groaned under the weight of the huge cake which had been baked by Marie's favorite confectioner. It stood five tiers high; eighty candles of blue, three of red. Decorations of an ox-drawn covered wagon, of a mounted Indian with drawn bow, of a buffalo stampede, of a camp fire circle, and artfully designed clumps of sagebrush, all testified that Mrs. Wardman had been a pioneer.

Horace had sent a basket of his famed chrysanthemums. It was so huge that the nurse had had to carry out two chairs to give it room. And in a tiny silver vase reposed the first blossom from the patented rose. On the table lay an elaborately tooled leather book. "Jaunty Jingles" in gold lettering marked the book as Grace's last achievement. Volume one of a numbered edition, autographed by the author. Now it was the possession of an old lady; later it would be coveted by avid collectors of first editions.

Mrs. Wardman smiled as she surveyed her gifts. The shawl, the cake, the flowers, the book of jingles.

All representing the achievements of her children. The children for whom she had toiled, and sacrificed and struggled. Each had succeeded in the special line of endeavor that had marked his early inclinations. Esther had always organized others to work; Horace had always loved the soil; Marie had forever stood before a mirror; Grace had always hunted words that rhymed. Enthusiastic, energetic, self centered in their ambitions, all had drawn from the mother who never expressed a wish other than to achieve for her children.

THEY came promptly at three. She had trained them to punctuality. Esther, working until the last minute, still wore her factory uniform. Marie seemed to have stepped from a fashion plate; Horace exuded a faint odor of pungent earth; Grace had a smudge of ink on her face. The nurse hovered near, keeping a watchful eye on her aged patient.

"We should serve immediately," Esther cast an apprehensive eye at the clock. "I left young Higgins cutting and he might make a mistake. A hundred dozen dresses must go out tonight."

"I am going to the Governor's ball tonight," Marie really tried not to look too elated, "so I can't stay too late either. It's a long drive, and I'll need my hair rearranged after we arrive. I am to sit next to the Governor."

"I have to get back to my nursery in time to inspect my rose before the watchmen change shifts. I never leave it unguarded a single moment. I refused ten thousand dollars for that sport, and it would be worth stealing."

"You might look at my latest contribution to the world's literature," suggested Grace, indicating the tooled leather book. "It isn't exactly Miltonic in its theme, but I'll wager a thousand people will buy it where one reads Milton. It's coming out in a cheap edition, so everyone can afford it. But this autographed edition sells for twenty dollars a copy and already it's oversold."

"I sold a thousand dozen dresses—" began Esther.

"I am furnishing the flowers for your ball, Marie," interrupted Horace. "My greenhouses are cleaned out. Not a single flower left."

"We have reason to believe Richard will be nominated for lieutenant governor," began Marie. "The party leaders say he is deserving, and with a wife like me—"

"Wherever she goes, whenever she goes
Everyone gasps at her wonderful clothes;
She will go to the Governor's ball,
Beautifully tailored, regally tall;
She will sit at the Governor's right
Her beauty and jewels a marvelous sight."

so chanted Grace with a wicked smile, bowing before Marie.

"I'm a month behind on my orders," Esther was persistently determined to have an audience. "If I could only get dependable—"

"Early each morning I watch them go
Out to the sweatshop to sew and sew;
They have no leisure for happy play,
They never can know a holiday—
That they may earn a meagre pay
They literally sew their lives away!"

This time Grace bowed before her sister Esther, who flashed out resentfully: "It isn't a sweatshop! If the workers would only pay attention to business they could earn—"

"I expect to graft ten shoots from my rose this next spring, a hundred next, and from then on it will be easy. I have an offer—"

"The florist sprouted a brand new rose!
And now each morning he hurriedly goes
With watering cans and rakes and hoes
To care for his wondrous, patented rose!"

Horace laughed with Grace, but Esther cried out challengingly: "Why don't you make up jingles about yourself? Poke fun at Grace, the spinster!"

"Although she's endowed with a fertile brain
For a splendid rich husband she's hunted in vain;
People read all the poems she composes,
But her hair has no curl and her cheeks have no roses!"

chanted Grace obligingly. "I spare no one," she admitted honestly.

"You should rest for a brief while, Mrs. Wardman." The nurse spoke quietly but the children understood.

"I have prepared a birthday present for each of you," smiled Mrs. Wardman as she prepared to lean on the nurse's arm. "If I drop asleep you can read these cuttings from my old diary. Read them aloud. I don't believe we should cut the cake, Marie. It is so beautiful, send it to the orphans' home. It will delight those children to eat slices of sagebrush and buffalo."

AS she moved slowly, falteringly from the room, even the carefully modeled clothes could not conceal her fragility. Esther glanced apprehensively at the clock, visioning an expensive mistake on the part of her cutter. Marie looked into the long mirror, readjusted a stray curl, noted the time on her bejeweled wrist watch. Grace, suddenly inspired, scribbled on the margin of a newspaper. Horace dropped a preservative pellet into the delicate silver vase that held his creation.

"I wish," began Esther, "that Mother would tell us more about our father. He must have come from wonderful stock. Not meaning to be too egotistical, but he must have had good blood in him, or we children would not have been as successful as we are. Mother has been wonderful, of course, but she never expressed a desire to do anything *special.* She just kept us together after father left, or died, or disappeared, or whatever it was that happened to him. I feel that I must know more about him. No matter what happened, or what he did, the bald truth would be better than the secrecy Mother has maintained about him. Mother sewed, but it was mostly patching old things, she never organized as I do. She raised a garden, but it was potatoes and carrots—not roses. She couldn't have wanted pretty clothes like Marie, because she never wore them. And she never wrote a poem."

"I remember I saw her once, looking at a bouquet of roses like she could crush them," added Horace. "Once she told me about an orchid she'd seen in a florist's window that was labeled two fifty. That meant food for a week for the five of us," he added harshly to hide his emotion.

"She ought to tell us about Father now we're all grown," Marie added her protest to that of her older sister. "He endowed each of us with a rare gift. We ought to find out where his people live. All we know is he came from the deep south, was tall like Horace, had dark curls like myself. He had intended to go to the Klondike but stopped off here and fell in love with mother. Then he disappeared when Grace was three weeks old."

"Let's read the diary clippings," suggested Grace. "I used to wonder at her patience in keeping it when she had so much work to do. Esther, you begin."

Esther opened her sealed envelope. Her glance traveled rapidly over the thin faded sheet, clipped from an old blue ruled day journal.

"May 11, 1900.

"I had saved twelve dollars to buy a rhymster's dictionary. I had always wanted to write poetry. I know I could, if I could learn words. But I found Marie, 15, was planning to elope with a traveling man, because he promised to buy her the clothes I could not afford. With the twelve dollars I bought her a white coat, high heeled slippers and a pink dress. She has gone back to school."

"Oh," gasped Marie, a deep flush of chagrin crawling up her neck and face. "O, I never knew she wanted a dictionary of rhymes. Truly, I didn't know. But you, none of you, can understand how I wanted pretty clothes! They were my life!"

"My turn," cut in Horace brusquely.

"April 1, 1900.

"I tell the children that I visit with old lady March every Wednesday evening. But I do their family ironing. With this money I am buying Horace a set of garden tools, 500 pounds of new fertilizer, and a share of water stock. Some day he will develop a beautiful flower, like I have always wanted to do."

Marie seemed anxious to disclose selfishness for the others. With shaking fingers she ripped open her envelope:

"July, 1900.

"Today I baked fifty dozen rolls for a lodge picnic. It was terribly hot in the little kitchen. I made a down payment on a round shuttle, drop head machine for Esther, and stopped at the cobbler's to have my shoes resoled. He said the uppers couldn't stand a fourth sole, but they have to. I had been planning a new dress for myself, but Marie needs a party gown."

"You don't all need to look so hard at me," Grace challenged, as the other three turned their gaze upon her.

"January, 1903.

"Esther is teaching a bunch of girls piece work in sewing. Horace has a job in a nursery and goes to night school. He studies rotation of crops, soil conservation, fertilizers and grafting. Marie will marry soon and Richard will make her happy with money and social position. Grace has the rhymster's dictionary I am now too old to study. She never looks in a mirror, but runs around the house muttering rhymes. She got two dollars for a little jingle I told her."

"Mother composed your first poem herself," accused Esther.

"And she bought your first sewing machine," countered Marie.

"And she loved flowers and the great out doors, too," added Horace.

"And she bought you fancy clothes to save your soul," Grace looked pointedly at Marie.

"She washed and ironed and baked and went near barefooted for us." Horace's tone of self-accusation included his three sisters. "She could have run a factory, or developed a rose. She loved pretty clothes too, and could have written poetry herself, if she had had a chance to study. I remember she went away, suddenly, one Christmas. We didn't have any presents, because it took all her money to pay railroad fare. She never told us where she went, or what for. I always thought it was something about Father. She ought to tell us now, I'd like to locate his people. I'd like to visit his grave."

His sisters nodded approval, just as the nurse came in, extending the old, faded diary. "She fell asleep and this book dropped from her hand. She had it marked at the page where it fell open."

By right of being the only son Horace reached for the old, worn book that had served his mother as a diary. From the open page he read aloud to his tense little audience:

"Christmas Eve, 1905.

"The warden telegraphed me Jefferson is dying. Poor dear, darling, hot headed Jeff!

"I reached Jefferson before he died. I

promised to have his body cremated, and never to tell the children that he killed a man, in a drunken brawl over cards."

* * *

Horace closed the little book and called the nurse.

"She sleeps?" he asked anxiously.

"As peacefully as a little child," she answered. "But she will waken soon, quite refreshed. She always does."

"Please replace the book where it fell. Perhaps it would be best not to tell her that we saw it." The nurse nodded understandingly as she left the room.

A TENSE, awed silence fell over the little group. The first blossom of the famous rose exuded a faint, delicate odor; the silken shawl fell from the chair to the floor; the candy Indians glared at the buffaloes on the ornate cake; the book of autographed poetry lay unopened on the table. The two hundred factory workers might have gone on a strike. The watchman might have been chloroformed and the precious rose bush stolen. The presses of the great daily might have been stilled, waiting for copy from the popular poet. The chair at the Governor's right hand might have remained vacant during the entire banquet. The four children sat chastened, chagrinned, humbled, contrite, silently waiting for their mother to waken.

A Tribute

(Radio Address over KSL, March 15, 1936)

By President Louise Y. Robison

SPRING came early on the beautiful banks of the Mississippi ninety-four years ago! New life was apparent in bush and tree! The return of the birds was welcome for the winter had been most trying in the village of Nauvoo!

In their desire to gather at the headquarters of the Latter-day Saints Church, fine men and women, who had joined the Church in distant parts, came to Nauvoo by the hundreds. Housing facilities in this new frontier town were inadequate, and, added to this discomfort, many people were stricken with malaria.

Residents opened their homes and did all in their power to care for these needy people, but still many suffered. Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, filled her home with the sick whom she nursed.

REALIZING the need for organized relief, eighteen earnest women met on March 17, 1842, with a desire to relieve the distressing situation. This group of women, mostly mothers, began the meeting with song, and being prayerful women, a prayer was offered for divine guidance. The organization, then known as the Female Relief Society, was created.

Tonight, in this historic Tabernacle, we commemorate this event in song and thanksgiving. There is real power in song and prayer and service! Inspiration for great undertakings is gained through song, and appreciation for blessings received is expressed by this medium. Hence our Relief Society slogan: "Every Mother a Singing Mother." A home, a church or a community is most fortunate where women sing while they serve.

EMMA SMITH was our first President. She was the animating spirit in the great labor of love which found expression in using all the resources at her command. The aims and objects of the Society

were: "to manifest benevolence irrespective of creed or nationality: to care for the poor, the sick and the unfortunate: to minister where death reigns: to assist in correcting the morals and strengthening the virtues of community life: to raise human life to its highest level: to elevate and enlarge the scope of woman's activities and conditions: to foster love for religion, education, culture and refinement: to develop faith: to study and teach the gospel."

ELIZA R. SNOW succeeded Emma Smith and tried to perpetuate these ideals, as have each Presidency since its organization. The Church had moved to Utah where many new Wards were created, and Sister Snow traveled extensively to organize Relief Societies and to direct their activities. She was a poet, and not only encouraged singing, but wrote many beautiful poems now used as hymns in our Church.

ZINA D. H. YOUNG, the third President, recognized the need for health education and nursing among the pioneer people. Not only did she instruct others in the laws of health, but she did much actual nursing herself.

President Bathsheba W. Smith was deeply interested in Temple ordinances. She was a Priestess of the Temple, as was Anna of New Testament history. Under Sister Smith women were taught the sacredness of Temple work and the rich opportunity offered us to serve people who have died without a knowledge of the Gospel.

PRESIDENT EMMELINE B. WELLS may be likened to Joseph of whom we read in Bible history. Even before she became President of the Relief Society, President Brigham Young gave her the responsibility of having the women of the Church store wheat that the people would not suffer hunger as they had done in former years. Relief Society today is reaping the benefit of this wise project.

OUR sixth President, Clarissa Smith Williams, was calm, dignified. Under her able leadership the educational program of Relief Society was improved and the activities widened to meet the needs of the present day. Memorials honoring past Presidents were established through which many women have been enabled to take professional work in literature, nursing and social service.

THE type of service may not be the same today as in the beginning, for we have homes and schools and churches, but there are aching hearts to be comforted; there are the discouraged and the sorrowing who need us to carry the too heavy load, and help them plant their feet again on the firm foundation of faith and hope and high standards.

Let us help them to see the beauty in the lines written by Nelly Anderson Haley, when she prayed in her garden:

"Teach me in dewy silence to know
On the pruned bush the loveliest
roses grow."

There are young girls whose homes during the formative years of their lives have been deprived of the richness of cultural opportunities. These need our special care, for they are to be the Singing Mothers of the future.

On our ninety-fourth birthday we stand with bowed heads in appreciation of the work accomplished by the noble women who have preceded us. We pledge to them our earnest effort to carry the banner high, which they have entrusted to us.

I Love the Technocrats

By H. R. Merrill

I LOVE the technocrats and I'll tell you why.

I have heard people lament the fact that they live in such a "busy" age, in such "hectic" times, when there are so many things to do that they cannot do anything well. They lament the passing of this "good old tradition" and that "good old custom."

I haven't a great deal of patience with such people when I find them living in steam-heated apartments, beautifully lighted with the magic "juice," riding to their work in an automobile while some prima donna sings to them from their radio receiver overhead, calling their grocer on the telephone, and the gas company whenever the heat needs some repair. I could believe them if they would turn back to the old days.

Now, needless to say, if there are any souls who really would like the old days back, I can tell them a hundred places where they may go to find them—and be happy.

But I suspect that other people, even though they may wail about how Mary paints her lips or how little the home is used, also love the technocrats.

Who are the technocrats? Why all of those beloved ladies and gentlemen from Adam to the present day who have been dissatisfied with things as they are and have constantly striven for a new world. Specifically, however, a technocrat is an inventor, a scientist, a scholar who has been able to recognize and analyze the forces around him and to take those forces and make them serve man in a new way.

I love all such.

The fact that a Dillinger will use a magnificent car to make his escape from a bank robbery, is not a condemnation of the car or the man who invented it.

We have become complacent about some of the marvels which surround us. Not long ago I was sitting before my fireplace when suddenly the room was flooded with glorious song. It was a great lifting melody by a magnificent voice. I was thrilled, but I was not moved as I used to be. When we first brought a radio into the home, had such a golden flood of music enveloped us, I would have reached for the telephone and told half the town that some great one was singing. A little later, I learned that it was the incomparable Rosa Ponselle. I did not call a single soul. No one ever calls me. The air now is too full of the world's greatest for us to single out one program and telephone about it.

I love the long line of technocrats, however, who brought Rosa Ponselle into my home. I can see them, one behind another, a long line extending into infinity as did Banquo's sons before the astonished gaze of Macbeth. And one of our modern inventions is the product of an almost never ending line of scientists, technicians, and inventors. Take as an example the automobile.

Whenever I step into mine, though it is not new or very smart, I get a thrill at thinking of the band of prancing horses that are miraculously harnessed under its hood. As I set them in motion and skim over the roads at speeds even the fastest of horses could not equal, I see, be-

sides those invisible horses, the crowds of shadowy inventors adding their bit to my miracle of the road.

For instance, there are the inventors and makers of wheels reaching from before the dawn of history —all sorts of wheels—ordinary, wood wheels sawed from a log, wheels with spokes and steel tires and hard rubber tires and pneumatic tires; crank wheels, cog wheels, differentials, ring-gears, and on ad infinitum. How many applications of the principle of the wheel in a modern car? I don't know. You count them from the fan to the timpkin bearings.

Then there are the fuel makers from wood to gasoline; the iron workers and inventors from the crude smith of the iron age to the expert fabricators of 1935 who were able to turn out one-piece steel auto bodies, beautifully designed; the fuel and oil systems; the lighting and heating devices ranging from oil or gas lamps, only a quarter of a century ago, to an electric system as perfect as that used by a city.

I stand in awe before a car—and that host of shadowy technocrats who gave it to me.

Our pioneers, less than a hundred years ago, came across the plains in wagons and with handcarts whose tires wore out and broke in a thousand miles, whose axles gave way and whose wheels fell to pieces. Twenty thousand miles barely breaks a modern car in and some travel over a hundred thousand miles.

All around me are these gifts from the past. This magazine, this page, are products from the brains and hands of thousands who were not satisfied with the slower progress of learning. Behind them are the paper makers, the ink makers, and the type-machine inventors, the hundreds of pressmen who have added here and added there to make printing cheap and education popular.

The technocrats have made the world over and over again. Each generation adds beauty and art, conveniences and culture, education and truth faster than the one before. The art of printing gave wings to all processes. It sped up technocracy until the world of humanity was hardly prepared for the blessings showered upon it. Each man, woman, and child, we are told, were given approximately forty slaves each. It is not strange that many of us know little about using them, neither is it strange that we all love these mechanical genii we have to do our bidding.

It is fortunate that Christianity had advanced far before the greatest gifts of technocracy had been received by the world, for Christianity anchors the human soul to the higher purposes of life. Through its teachings, fortunately, nearly all of the modern giants are good giants; nearly all use their forty slaves constructively rather than destructively.

The magnificent work of the technocrats could be illustrated by thousands of examples. The slaves we have to do our bidding are legion. As a result, truly, many of the old virtues have passed away, but in their places have come and may come many and greater virtues. It has always been so; it is my belief it will always be so, for learning is on the way and must keep on until we all "come to a knowledge of the truth," but it is questionable if we shall ever know all truth.

And so, for one, I love the technocrats. My problem is to keep up with them in intellectual and spiritual understanding in order that I may use my precious "forty slaves" constructively and for the betterment of my neighbors and me.

Ensembles in Flower Arrangement

By Jean Cox

FLOWERS should belong to the container just as much as the coat to the dress, the shade with the lamp, or the hangings with the floor coverings. Pleasing floral arrangement results when flowers and vase belong to each other. A division of interest in the selection of containers and flowers, jars or annoys. Whatever these may be there should be a feeling of unity and fellowship between the flowers and the bowl in which they are arranged. This may be accomplished by having analogous or contrasting effects. Texture and quality of the container should also harmonize with the flowers it contains. No container should seem crowded in correct flower arrangement. Three, five, or seven blossoms in a container suitable to the kind of flowers are much more attractive than a mass of flowers which rob themselves of their own beauty.

In flower arrangements which belong, color is probably the most important factor. Hues of flowers should be repeated in minor or major accents in the bowl. For example, a green glass bowl is very effective where leaves are about the same intensity as the bowl. Leaves brighter still, if small, may also be used as the intermediary between the flowers and the vase. Long stemmed zinnias are usually effective in an orange colored bowl when the mass of bloom of the taller flowers is tied to the bowl with a few short stemmed flowers heavy with foliage.

The kind of vase or bowl should be proportionate to the length of the stems. To be effective, tall containers should have long stemmed flowers which stand out gracefully above the top of the vase. As a rule, stems inclined to stiffness should be more than twice the heighth of the container. The length of the stems in low bowls is somewhat proportionate to the size of the bowl, and also of the flowers themselves. In any event the bowl should not seem immersed with the flowers that are in it. Neither should the bowl seemingly engulf the flowers. In accordance with the Greek law of proportion, the vase or bowl should not cut the stems into halves, thirds, or fourths of their height. Neither should the stems be so short that a stiff arrangement results.

CONTAINERS like floors and floor coverings must be sufficiently strong in color or texture to hold up the different flowers for which they are most appropriate. A hobnailed glass bowl of proportionate size is more effective with light colored iris, yellow or pink roses and light blue delphinium than it is with dark red roses. Where the glass bowl is heavy and richly cut this does not hold as the color of the darker flowers is repeated in the facets. This type of bowl is appropriate for rich colors and heavy flowers. Frequently a bowl having several colors on an ivory background lends itself to many kinds of flowers. A crown ducal bowl with decorations in yellows, reds, blues, and greens catches the color of the flowers in it and is effective with almost any kind of flower or combination.

A sonnet in the arrangement of iris was obtained by placing three stems of uneven length of light blue

iris having almost a periwinkle fringe in a blue green Japanese vase. Several leaves of iris helped make this arrangement a delightful bit of color against a stippled tan wall paper.

Pewter bowls are especially charming with delphinium and small pink roses. Small bowls with wire frogs are exquisite with forget-me-nots and daisies. Sprays of maiden hair or other fine leafed fern enhance the beauty of flowers in pewter baskets. The satiny texture of pewter makes it a better background for feathery bouquets than for bold arrangements of flowers.

A low bowl with blue ianthus leaves on a mustard yellow background was an effective container for yellow centered daisies which are twin sisters to black-eyed susans. This was also especially attractive with yellow button chrysanthemums. It was probably most beautiful with yellow and peach colored Iceland poppies which seemed more colorful in contrast with the blue design of the beautifully proportioned bowl.

There is also need of conformity of line as well as color. Heavy peonies with their aggressive foliage are inclined to belittle their container. For effective arrangement these large flowers should be placed in floor jars sufficiently heavy in appearance to support these mammoth flowers. These jars may be of bold subdued color which are as dark in value as the floor or rug on which they stand. Designs should not be too spotty in effect. The effectiveness of these bold flower arrangements will be partly determined by the background of walls and hangings which should be unobtrusive.

The most attractive table decorations are those which harmonize with napery, china, and glass. A yellow damask was enhanced with a floral arrangement of salmon and yellow Iceland poppies in a spherical Venetian glass bowl. With these were used yellow Wedgewood service plates with amber and crystal goblets. This arrangement received superlative praise. A pale green cloth was most charming with stately yellow and rose gladiolus with which there was a generous allotment of shining leaves of this attractive cut flower.

Pottery bowls of neutral shades offer interesting arrangements as they absorb and reflect the color of the flowers. A gray green bowl seemed to belong to yellow roses which were cut with more than usual amount of foliage. It was also beautiful with shasta daisies and California poppies. But the combination which was voted best was light blue delphinium and California poppies with a generous portion of foliage. Zinnias with their gray green foliage were also effective in this bowl. Part of this was due to the fact that the bowl was sufficiently heavy to hold up their weight. In flower arrangement this point should not be overlooked. This low bowl, however, was not effective with asters, as the small amount of blue in the gray green was not a good background for these lovely fall flowers. For these small stemmed flowers the bowl was too heavy without more foliage than asters provide.

A yellow and white Wedgewood bowl seemed to belong to a bunch of calendulas. These reflected sunshine in a dark hall. A lovely old hexagonal cream pitcher on which the decoration was almost an even arrangement of small irregular dots and splashes were unusually attractive with calendulas which shaded light to dark yellow with three orange ones for minor accent one of which was dark centered.

THE beauty of autumn and winter bouquets may be prolonged to almost match the enduring qualities of their containers by a rather simple trick. If dusty, wash leaves, freshly gathered, with soap and water. Rinse and dry. Dab corn oil on the smooth side with cloth or small brush. This oxidizes and makes them look as though freshly washed by a gentle rain. If the room temperature does not get too high, these will keep for weeks or months providing they are kept in water. Dipping autumn berries in oil or brushing them with a soft brush immersed in it will also keep them from withering. Oregon grape and box lend themselves especially well to this effective treatment for winter decorations when arranged in pottery bowls which reflect colors of the leaves and berries.

The same rules of fitness apply to hanging baskets as well. Glass bowls are wonderfully alluring when the roots as well as foliage are visible. A hobnailed bowl was filled with myrtle and placed on a raffia woven two inch base from which the raffia thongs were carried to the bracket on which this unusual hanging basket was suspended.

A SATISFACTORY collection of flower containers need not represent any great investment. Bargain counters in crockery departments frequently have choice bowls at much less than original price. One much prized Crown Ducal bowl which had an original mark of $8.00 was purchased for 50c because of a glaze crack. A Venetian glass bowl was obtained at a clearance sale for one-fourth of its marked price. A most satisfactory container for semi-long stemmed flowers was a twelve sided ancient stone china sugar bowl of good proportion, which was decorated with yellow and yellow green enamel paint. The dime and fifteen cent stores frequently display bowls that are seconds of good quality. Where the budget permits, very lovely bowls may be purchased from jewelry and department stores. At any rate, half of the fun of raising or buying flowers is to mentally see them in a bowl or vase that belongs.

Father Has His Day

By E. Cannon Porter

PETER CLARK tossed restlessly in his bed. He had lain awake all night. Nor did he feel inclined to turn on his bedside light and read as he did on other sleepless occasions. He had lost his job. He had held it all through the depression but was dismissed when things began to pick up.

As one of the oldest salesmen in the Travers' furniture store he had been kept on, not only on account of seniority, but because he knew personally most of the old customers, who liked him.

Then old man Travers was found dead in his bed one morning and his sons proceeded to "modernize" the business. Not only did they do over the building, and augment the stock, but they installed whipper-snapper young salesmen and let the old hands go.

Peter was still dazed by the unbelievable experience of being thrown out of work when past sixty years of age.

Toward morning he thought of the woman in the Bible who complained of her poverty.

"What hast thou in the house?" the widow was asked.

"Only a jar of oil," she replied.

"Go, and it shall be sufficient for thy needs." And it was.

So Peter wondered what he had. There were those few shares of stock that he had bought from a fellow employee who was in trouble. He had taken them to help Jenks out. Since then they had lain in his bank box. He had thought idly that they might pay for his funeral. Possibly they might bring a few hundred dollars,—enough to barely keep them for a few months.

Oh yes, he had his home; paid for, luckily. Now he thanked his stars that his family had stayed in their substantial cottage in the mid-section of town and not been stampeded into a new house, far out, in a more fashionable section, with its attendant debt.

In his wife Maggie he had a true friend, a loyal helpmate—that alone made him rich. Their daughter Daisy was engaged to a young sheepman; they were waiting for business to pick up so they could be married. Stanley, his older boy, with a wife and two small children, eked out an existence as an electrician in a small town. Young Richard was still in high school; he had hoped to send him to college; the boy had a real bent for science.

Well, he would sell the stock. With this thought he fell into a troubled sleep just as a sickly gray filtered through the east windows.

WHEN he arose he cleaned out his desk because he had nothing else to do. A folder caught his eye. It was from a firm that manufactured store fixtures and office equipment. With it was a letter saying that with the awakening in business, assisted by the government's financing, many firms took advantage of the conditions to improve their places. They offered him a position as salesman, partly on a commission basis. They added that he had been recommended to them as of a pleasant personality, with genuine integrity.

He had pigeonholed the communication, without thought that he would ever lose the work that he had. Now he wrote out a careful acceptance, with a request for further information.

He felt better already.

When he went down to the bank to get his stock certificate he met a wealthy acquaintance in the vault. This man counted out a stack of gilt-edge securities. He looked worried and even regarded poor Peter with suspicion. Clark, who had helped this financier secure a political office, thought ruefully: "I wouldn't change places with him today, as bad off as I am!"

AFTER he had converted his stock into cash—(it was a little more than he expected. The market had recovered.)—he decided to invest it at once. He had such a small amount that he might as well give it away. So he sent his car to be overhauled by a capable young mechanic who was out of work. Clark felt repaid already by the boy's bright look.

He dispatched a cashier's check for fifty dollars to his son in Elton. With it was a brief note: "You say that if you had the money for some baby chicks, your wife Maud could attend to them at home, and this would eventually increase your income. Tell her that I stake her to a few hundred and I wish her success.—Father."

WHEN he returned home for dinner, a fragrant aroma wafted from the kitchen. The din-

ing table was an ensemble in color: orange flowers, green salad, pink dessert. His faithful wife had taken special pains "to cheer Father up."

"Come here, girls. I want to talk to you," he called.

"Well, make it brief,—the roast is almost done," admonished his wife.

"Daisy," he began, "How long would it take you to get ready for your wedding?"

"Why, I don't know, father."

"Well, it has just occurred to me that Rulon needs you now,—worse than he will when his business picks up. You could help him. Anyway, you would be as well off as here—with me out of a job. Consult with him and see what you want to do."

A happy flush overspread his daughter's face. She knew with what impetuous joy her young fiance would greet the prospect.

Her father pulled out a roll of bills.

"Here is a hundred dollars to buy you some cloth. Consult with your mother and maybe she will help you sew it up."

"Oh Father!" His happy daughter threw her arms around his neck; then rushed to the telephone to get her prospective groom over long distance.

"Maggie," he continued, "you remember when we were married thirty-five years ago we were too poor to go on a honeymoon? Well, we always meant to take a trip when we could afford it. I can't offer much now that I've lost my position, but I want you to get some new clothes and come with me while I try to sell refrigerator cases to butcher shops, will you?"

"I've got good clothes, Father. I don't have to dress up to do that, but I'd love to go with you." So Maggie went along.

THE elderly pair traveled through the blossoming valleys of Utah, from the gorgeous-colored canyons of the south to the granary of Cache County in the north and over into the green sugar beet fields of Idaho.

While Peter talked renovation to the storekeepers of small towns, Maggie discussed Relief Society questions with their comfortable wives, and made many friends. Because he believed in his wares, Mr. Clark made his customers see the need of improvement if they were to successfully keep up with the times. The orders rolled in.

AFTER a time they went home to celebrate Daisy's wedding. She made a radiant and lovely bride in her simple summery dress; and there was a great deal of happiness and laughter—all except for the ache in the hearts of parents when they part with adored children.

Young Rulon was jubilant that he did not have to wait for "prosperity to turn the corner" to claim his wife.

TWO years later Peter held his grandson and namesake on his lap. His family had come to greet him on *Father's Day*—beautiful with June sunshine. The chicken business had flourished and his daughter-in-law had brought *burnt offerings* in the form of spring fryers for the feast. The sheep industry was represented by a luscious leg of lamb.

"Do you remember, Father, two or three years ago, when you lost your job, and you took your funeral money and distributed it among us and we all thought that you had gone crazy?" asked Daisy.

"Maybe I—I—couldn't afford a funeral!" said Father with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, I've often thought of what Judge Lane remarked: "When one door closes, two open."

"Father cast a sop to fortune," averred his daughter-in-law. "You remember that figure in the Japanese garden that all the people threw their coins to,—quarters, dimes, coppers —till they covered the base of the statue? An Oriental explained to me that to gain you must first give—to start the law of supply to working."

"It sounds to me more like bread cast upon the waters which has returned after many days," claimed sensible Mother. "Like ships of grain sent to foreign ports, which return laden with silk, ivory, amber and spices."

LATER, that evening, when the others had gone, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark sat alone upon the porch, he took her hand.

"Business is better than we anticipated. If it keeps up, after a while you can have a little, new, convenient house, Maggie. This place is rather large to keep up just for you and Richard and me."

"Oh no," exclaimed Maggie hastily, "I couldn't think of living anywhere else. I've been so happy here. And Mother planted the garden, she loved to work with the flowers. Strangers wouldn't take care of her plants."

"But I tell you what we could do, Peter, we might remodel it: throw the front and back parlors into one long living room. The dining room, with its paneled walls you could have for an office, which you need. The little porch, glassed in, would make a lovely breakfast room. When the children and grandchildren come to town, there would always be room for them to stay here. I couldn't bear to have them go anywhere else."

"You win," murmured Father.

Social Security Program, Western States

By Judge Hugo B. Anderson

Address given at Relief Society Conference, April, 1936. Social Welfare Department.

THE Relief Society is, I suppose, the largest body of volunteer workers, with training in the welfare field, in this country today. By reason of the fact that you have this experience and training, you understand more readily than the ordinary lay audience the problems connected with welfare work. By reason of the fact that you are volunteer workers, you have an advantage even over the professional paid social workers in interpreting to and influencing the public on problems of welfare.

The passage of the Social Security Act has left our welfare laws, our welfare policies, and our welfare practices and administration in a state of flux and change. This means that we have today such an opportunity as comes not more than once in a generation to really do some constructive work in the improvement of our welfare machinery and the social conditions in the community from which we come. I am very glad, therefore, that the program for the Relief Society Conference carries the inscription on its title page: "Relief Society Awake to Its Opportunities and Responsibilities." I wish to use that slogan as a means of limiting, and at the

same time unifying, what I may have to say to you this afternoon; what are some of the opportunities which the Social Security program gives to you as workers in your communities; what are some of the responsibilities that it places upon you in relation to the welfare problems in your various communities because of your experience and training and your position?

THE Social Security Program has for its object, as President Roosevelt said when he proposed it, "To provide safeguards against the major misfortunes of life." The figures on the distribution of wealth in the United States indicate clearly the necessity of safeguards against the major misfortunes of life. Before the depression struck us in 1929, 1% of the people of this country owned 59% of the wealth of the country; 18% of the people owned 90% of the wealth, and 76% of the people left nothing in the way of property when they died. The average wage in this country at that time was approximately $1,200 per year for the working man. It took fully that much to provide a minimum standard of decent and healthful living for a family of five. Now that means that a large proportion of the people in this country are in good times so near the dependency line that any major misfortune in life immediately presses them down below the dependency line and places them in a position where they need assistance. These major hazards or misfortunes in life are well known to all of us—unemployment, sickness—physical and mental, accidents, premature death of the bread winner, old age, and various kinds of physical handicaps.

The Social Security Act, in attempting to provide against some of these major hazards, uses all three methods which are known to welfare work. These three methods are: relief, insurance and prevention. For example, in the case of accident, if the bread winner of the household suffers an accident, we may simply put relief into the family, or we may provide a system of accident insurance so that the earner and his family may be protected, or we may spend our welfare funds in a program of prevention. Relief, insurance and prevention, the three ways are all used under the Social Security program. The relief method is used in the grants-in-aid, under the Social Security Act. These grants-in-aid are provided for old age, for dependent children, for the blind, for crippled children and for vocational rehabilitation of the physically injured. The insurance method is used in the provisions for unemployed insurance, which it is designed will be administered by the States. The taxes levied under this portion of the act are to be used by the Federal Government in helping the States carry the costs of administration of their unemployment insurance laws. The insurance method is also used for the old age annuities, which are based on insurance principles, and which are paid for out of the taxes which are levied for that purpose on employers and employees. The preventive method is used in connection with the grants-in-aid for public health, maternal and child health and child welfare.

The Social Security Program is too broad in its scope to discuss as a whole in the course of a half hour period. Because of that fact and because the opportunities and responsibilities of the Relief Society lie at present, at least, largely in the field of the grants-in-aid for old age, for dependent children and for the blind, I shall limit my discussion this

afternoon to the grants-in-aid for these three specific purposes.

THE principle of grants-in-aid is well established already in this country. Under the theory of the grants-in-aid the administration of the law is left with the local community—the State or County; the Federal Government fixes standards, and any State which complies with these standards may then receive reimbursement up to a certain percentage of the amount of money which the State has spent in that particular activity. The grants-in-aid principle has been used in the case of agricultural extension work; aid for highways; the Smith-Hughes Act for vocational education; the Sheppard-Towner Act, with which you Relief Society workers are familiar; and the public employment service. The principle of the grants-in-aid has been tested in the Federal Courts and held constitutional, and there is not, therefore, the same questions regarding it as there is with reference to the insurance features of the Social Security Act.

I want for just a moment to discuss with you the situation with reference to these three problems of old age, dependent children and the blind in the Western States before the Social Security Act was passed.

In 1930 there was six and a half million people in the country over sixty-five years of age, which was five and four-tenths of the population of the country. But we have gone so far in decreasing the infant mortality rate, and in prolonging life, that it is very evident the proportion of old people in our population is rapidly increasing, and it is estimated that by 1970 there will be twenty million people in the country over sixty-five years of age. Before the depression about one-third of these old people were dependent; since the depression approximately one-half of these old people are dependent. There are seven million four hundred thousand children under sixteen years of age in families on the relief rolls of this country at the present time. Seven hundred thousand of these are in families where the family has been deprived of support of the bread winner—through death or absence of the father. Before the Security Act less than one-third of these dependent children were receiving relief under our existing Mothers' Aid Laws.

There are over one hundred thousand blind in the United States, i. e., people having no useful vision. Of the one hundred thousand, approximately twenty-three thousand were receiving blind pensions or allowances prior to the Social Security Act.

I AM assuming that those of you who are here today come from Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah and Wyoming. Practically all of these States before the Security Act had old age pension laws, mothers' aid laws and blind pension laws. New Mexico was the only one of the group without an old age pension law. In this group of States, in round numbers, there are four hundred thousand people over sixty-five years of age. Experience shows that if the old age pension law is properly drawn and properly administered, about 20% of the aged will qualify for assistance; 20% of that number would be about eighty thousand in these Western States. Before the Security Act there were just about half that number who were receiving assistance under the provisions of existing old age pension laws. These pensions, however,

were very low: ranging from $5.32 in New Mexico, to $20.25 in Colorado. The average amount paid in these Western States was $12.15 per person. Most of these States had Mothers' Aid Laws. The payments under these laws ranged from $4.00 per child up to around $20.00. There were 26,700 children aided under the Mothers' Aid laws in these States before the Social Security Act. The average amount granted per child in these States was $9.00 per month. There were 5,456 blind in these ten States. About half of them, or a little over 3,000, were receiving some blind assistance under the laws of these States.

In general, then, about half the people in these three classifications who could be reasonably expected to qualify in normal times under the provisions of the Social Security Act, were receiving assistance under the State laws prior to the passage of the Social Security Act. In most of these States, however, the administration was on a County basis. California had a State and local combination basis, and Arizona had a state-wide method of distributing Mothers' Aid. Outside of that the provision was entirely local in all of the States, and was for the most part not mandatory on the Counties.

What does the Social Security Act offer to these States? The Social Security Act provides, in the case of old age, that if the State complies with the requirements of the Federal Act, the State will be reimbursed by the Federal Government up to one-half its expense, within a limit of $30.00 per month to one individual for the care of the needy aged over sixty-five years of age who are not inmates of institutions, who are citizens of the United States, and who have resided in the State for five out of the preceding nine years, and in the local community for one year. The Federal Government also reimburses the State for costs of administering the old age assistance to the extent of 5% of the Federal grant in aid.

The Federal Government goes even further in encouraging States to extend the application of existing Mothers' Aid laws. It offers reimbursement equal to one-third of the amount expended by the States (under an approved plan) for the care of dependent children. In practically all of our existing mothers' aid laws, however, the aid is limited to a mother who is caring for her children in her own home. Under the provisions of the Social Security Act the child does not need to be living with its mother. The Federal Act allows the State to define a dependent child as, "a child under the age of sixteen, who has been deprived of parental support, or care by reason of the death, continued absence from the home or physical or mental incapacity of a parent and who is living with his father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, brother, sister, stepfather, step-mother, step-brother, step-sister, uncle or aunt, in a place of residence maintained by one or more of such relatives at his or their own home." The provisions of the Act relating to dependent children are, in my judgment, the most far-reaching of all the provisions of the Social Security Act, and will have an ultimate greater effect on the welfare set-up than any other provisions of the Act.

The Federal grants for aid to the blind are on about the same basis as those for the aged except that there is no age requirement in the case of the blind.

TO what extent have the Western States qualified for Federal as-

sistance under the Social Security Act?

I hesitate to even attempt to answer that question, because conditions in every State are changing so rapidly that what is true today may not have been true yesterday, and what was true yesterday may not be true today. I secured a report last night, however, which gave the latest information available from Washington, and that report showed that the following States among those that I have named have qualified under the provisions of the Social Security Act: for old age assistance—Idaho, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico; for aid to the blind—Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico; for aid to dependent children—Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico.

I understand in addition that the Legislature of Colorado is now in session for the express purpose of framing such laws as will enable Colorado to comply with the provisions of the Social Security Act, and qualify for its benefits.

Oregon and California have qualified for unemployment insurance, but for none of the grants-in-aid features of the Security Act. Montana and Nevada have apparently not qualified for any of the benefits of the Social Security Act.

What does the Federal Government require in order that a State may qualify for these grants? Here is where the opportunity ends, and the obligation and responsibility of those who understand welfare problems begin. The requirements of the Federal Government are not complicated. A State must offer a plan for caring for these classes of unemployables that complies with the following requirements: A single State agency to administer or supervise the administration of the plan. If it is a plan of State supervision and County administration, then the provisions of the plan must be mandatory in every County of the State. There must be financial participation by the State. It is not enough that the Counties put up money, the State itself must contribute to the funds. There must be an opportunity for any person who is refused the benefits of the Act to appeal to the state supervising agency. A State must guarantee satisfactory standards of administration for the Act, and comply with the requirements of the Federal Government with reference to statistical and financial reports covering the administration of the act.

I ASSUME that you have asked yourselves as Relief Society workers, What can we do? If you believe in this method of taking care of these classes of people in need, you should first of all do your utmost to see that your State qualifies under the terms of the Social Security Act. That will mean, in most cases, that ultimately, if not immediately or before qualifying, your State must have a State Department of Public Welfare or the equivalent. It is our obligation, as people who know something about welfare administration, to exert our influence to the utmost of our ability to see that these State Departments are set up in a suitable manner on a nonpartisan basis, so that they will not become footballs of politics in the future, and to see that the methods of administration prescribed are as fine as we know how to make them with our present knowledge of welfare work.

In many cases perhaps it will not be possible to comply with the provisions of the Social Security Act in the State until the Legislature

meets. Our greatest difficulty here in Utah was the fact that our aid laws were not mandatory on the various Counties. We avoided that difficulty and succeeded in qualifying by entering into written agreements with every County of the State under the terms of which the County Commissioners of these Counties agreed to disburse their help to the blind and the aged and dependent children under the rules and regulations prescribed by the State Department and the Federal Government, in return for the help which the State and Federal Governments gave to them. The provisions of law creating our State Department of Public Welfare authorized the County Commissioners to cooperate with the State Department of Public Welfare and the Federal Government and to take such action as was necessary to conform to the requirements of the Social Security Act.

There are a number of questions of policy in the setting up of your welfare machinery which you will hear discussed, and on which you should be in a position to exercise some influence in your communities. First of all I want to urge you, in setting up your machinery for welfare work in your States, not to be content to set it up for those only who fit into the categories of the Social Security Act, the blind, aged and dependent children. While you are making a Department of Public Welfare, make it broad enough so that it can supervise the welfare activities in behalf of those who do not fit into the categories as well as those who do. We find in our State today almost as many unemployables whom we cannot place on the Works Progress Administration program and who do not come under the provisions of the Social Security Act, as there are persons who can qualify for assistance under the provisions of the Social Security Act. Your program should be broad enough so that your State can supervise the whole welfare problem. Another reason is because under your Security program, your Counties will be called upon to participate financially. If we are not careful we will find those who fit into the program supported with State and Federal help will have all the funds, and those who do not will have no care whatever because County funds will be exhausted in the care of the other groups. See that your program is made broad enough to cover all your welfare problems.

THERE is a good deal of discussion about the basis of eligibility for these benefits. It is generally agreed that the basis for eligibility in all cases where grants-in-aid apply, as against insurance features, should be "need." I do not believe that our basis of eligibility should be as low as the basis of eligibility under the old poor laws that have come down to us from the time of Queen Elizabeth. Under those laws persons had to be destitute, they had to dispose of everything they had, to be in a position to receive help. I believe that we should accept a standard which makes an applicant eligible for assistance if he does not have the ability to provide for himself and family the minimum requirements of a decent and healthful living. We must be careful in setting up standards of eligibility, especially in the field of dependent children, that we do not put a premium on the breaking up of the family. In our State for a long time we have put a premium on the breaking up of the family. Under Mothers' Aid we have been giving an average of about $5.00 per child per month, but

if the family breaks up, and the children become dependent or neglected, they are committed to the care of some children's agency, and then the County is required to provide $15.00 a month for the care of each child. Why not prevent the family from being broken up by making the care in the family adequate enough so that there will be no incentive to the breaking up of the family. If we are not alert in this matter our basis of eligibility and standards of assistance under the Security Act are still going to leave a premium on breaking up homes, and we should fight that.

In the case of the blind, we should be careful not to grant aid without requiring that they take advantage of opportunities for training. We do not want to make them feel they are helpless, and must be permanently cared for. If there is educational and vocational training available see that they are required to take it in order to be eligible for assistance.

WHAT of the responsibility of relatives? Are you going to make relatives take care of those in need before you give them assistance from the public treasury? I believe that there is a value sociologically in the laws which require members of a family to take care of their own. It stabilizes and strengthens family life to have such laws. A member of a family should not be required to help his relatives if by helping them he pushes himself down below the dependency line, or below the line where he can provide for himself and family the minimum requirements for a decent and healthful living, but if a relative can assist a member of his family in need without reducing himself below the line of a decent and healthful living, he should be required to do so. Who would be the judge? Shall we let the social worker say, "You have relatives who should take care of you," or, "You cannot get assistance, you will have to starve unless your relatives take care of you." Perhaps that is unwise and impractical but surely we can say legitimately to those people, "If you desire the benefits under the Social Security Act, which are of a higher standard than those of our old poor laws, your relatives must assist. If the relatives being able will not assist, unless we can force them to assist under the law, all we can do is to take care of the needy applicant under the old relief measures provided in our Counties and States.

WHAT about the requirement of liens on the homes of recipients of old age assistance? The papers are full of protests against liens being placed on the homes of aged people. If you provide for liens on the homes of those receiving old age assistance, see to it that the lien is in the nature of an agreement to reimburse; that it cannot be enforced until after the death of the aged person or the spouse of the aged person. If this is done there can be no possible hardship on any aged person where the State requires a lien, because the aged person himself cannot suffer, and the only effect is to require the children who have failed to take care of their parents, to reimburse the State and County before they profit out of the property which the old people have gathered to support themselves in their old age. There is this additional advantage in such a lien—it enables the State to extend the benefits of the old age allowance to people who have some property, and permits them to live in their homes, rather than requiring them to sell all they have and make themselves destitute

before the allowance provided by the Social Security Act can be provided to them.

FINALLY, the welfare system set up in your States should provide for local financial participation in connection with the State and Federal grants. I believe that no matter how fine the rules and regulations emanating from Washington or the State Capitol may be, they will not assure as fine an administration of Welfare laws as can be secured if your local people have to put up part of the money, and so have an interest in seeing that the welfare laws are properly administered. See that your local people bear part of the burden, and, you especially who know something of the value of training in welfare work, see to it that some provision is made for securing and maintaining standards of personnel in your departments, both State and local. That is one of the most difficult of welfare problems.

THE Social Security Act is not perfect by any means. We shall without doubt have changes in the law and its administration for many years, but as a whole I believe that it is the greatest single step which this Government has ever taken to unify our welfare service and safeguard people against the major hazards of life. It affords us as welfare workers a great opportunity and an enormous responsibility.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

II

HELEN moved away in the arms of the stranger. She was in a new world. The music was crude; the floor rough. Her partner's khaki trousers, leather leggings, buckskin vest decorated with bright Indian designs, was a costume unlike that of any other dancing partner she had ever had. Her own sport clothes were quite in keeping with the occasion. How strange and unreal it all was. Suddenly she realized that apart from her finding out about her father, and adjusting to her separation from George, she was tasting a new life—a life which perhaps should have by rights been hers.

"What do you think of the old Kaibab?" Steve Hayden asked. He guided her easily over the crude dancing floor, his cool eyes studying her face.

"I think it's marvelous. Today as we came up out of the desert and drove into this magnificent forest, I was thrilled! It seemed to me that this old mountain knows a million secrets."

Heyden laughed cynically.

"I always wonder just how much you Easterners are putting on when you rave about the West. Why, for years my dad and Uncle Billy Crossly chased cattle over this country and didn't even know there was anything grand about the big gorge out there, or this patch of timber on the back of the old Buckskin. To them it was just good cattle country."

Was he trying to tease her, or had he no appreciation for the country? She wanted to tell him that at least *her* father had sensed some-

thing of the wonder of the place, but instead she asked,

"Do you mean that you can ride through that forest and not feel—well, I don't know just how to say it—but sort of lifted out of yourself?"

He laughed again, his bronzed cheeks crinkling about his eyes.

"I've sure rode through it hundreds of times without feeling any wings. It often seems more like a big demon, piling up long miles of hard riding."

At least, his ugly simile indicated a bit of imagination. He was an interesting puzzle. He was large and well proportioned, but she could hardly agree with Miss Fitzgerald that he was handsome. His mouth was too large and his dark brows too shaggy, and a conspicuous red scar zigzagged across his right temple. But she had seen few faces more interesting. That tender twist at the corners of his mouth denied the cynicism of his eyes, and his chin suggested resolution and courage.

"If the forest takes your breath," he said a moment later, "Wait until you see the canyon from Point Sublime, or Cape Royal, or Bright Angel. If you are staying over here at the Park for a few days, how about riding out to Point Sublime in the morning? There are views you can get from a horse's back that a bus or car can't take you to."

"Oh, I'd love to do it! Perhaps, though, my riding experience has been inadequate for such a trip."

"Not with Maje to take you. That horse has carried greener tourists than you up the old trails."

"Do you—is it part of your business to—take out parties?"

He grinned. "Well, no. I don't exactly run a dude concern, if that's what you mean. But sometimes when I'm not busy on the range, I like to ride out just to keep on speaking terms with the old gorge."

"I'm glad you don't happen to be busy tomorrow."

"So am I. It's fun to introduce kids like you to the old king."

Helen flushed. She didn't know whether it was at the familiar term, or at the warm smile in the grey eyes which for the moment had forgotten their brooding. Quite abruptly she asked,

"Who is this interesting Billy Crossly who used to run cattle with your father?"

"He's that old scout you were talking to a while ago; the one who told the story about Uncle Jim Owens and the cougars."

"Yes, I know. But just who or what is he? What makes him a character everyone notices and talks about?"

"Oh, Uncle Billy's a part of the scenery and the history we're capitalizing on out here since some of you easterners discovered the Grand Canyon and let us in on it. He knows the old mountain by heart, as you gathered from his story. He sort of feels that he's in cahoots with that spirit of the mountain you were talking about a minute ago. He knew the country when it was just cattle land, before there was a national preserve or any of the restrictions that have put the jinks on the real West."

"What do you mean by the real West?" What could be more western than what she was seeing and experiencing at this very moment.

"It was the real West when the country was owned by the old cattle kings who fought over the best range sections and watering holes, and made a real ceremony out of roundups and brandings and shippings."

The music stopped. Steve clapped for an encore, but the bus-driver in-

terrupted. Would Helen come and see if he had taken off all her luggage?

She followed him from the hall, and when she returned, Steve Heyden was dancing with the dark woman in the striped riding habit who, according to Miss Fitzgerald's lady Walter Winchell, should be barred from the mountain. Helen smiled. The woman was unusually attractive. It was easy to understand how her place could be a rendezvous for men, and she herself unpopular with the ladies. She studied the moving figures. How grotesque it all was: waitresses in green aprons dancing with city financiers; cowboys in leather chaps and gauntlets, and road hands in corduroys and khaki, guiding sophisticated society tourists over the floor. What sort of life had her father's boyhood been out here in the days of the old West to which young Heyden had referred?

What if she should discover that some of the land, some of the cattle on this mountain really belonged to her? It wasn't at all probable, of course, that such a fairy-like thing should, after all these years come to pass—but if it could, how it would help to solve the problem of her future.

WOOD RUSSELL broke in upon her musings.

"If you're going to stay with us awhile, Mrs. Latimer, I'm sure you'd like to meet some of these folks. We get an interesting group of people out here. Every summer we have a cosmopolitan little community made up of tourists, artists, scientists, besides our own local brands of cowpunchers, rangers, roadworkers, and so on. Some of the people have their own cabins and some stay here with us. But they all join in our social life."

He led her across the room.

"Mrs. Hawley, may I present Mrs. Latimer?" They were in front of the fat woman Miss Fitzgerald had pointed out as the lady who came out to keep her husband from flirting. "Mrs. Hawley," Russell explained, "has a mansion up in Salt Lake City, but she leaves it to come out here and have a good time with us every summer."

"I'm sure I don't blame her," said Helen.

"Oh, I don't come because I specially like camping out, but my husband has a cattle ranch out here, and my daughter insists on coming, so I consider it's my duty to come and take care of them."

"This is Miss Bernice Hawley," Russell said, presenting the little blonde sitting beside the mother.

"Mamma, just *thinks* she has to come," the girl pouted. "I'd be all right without her."

A little farther down the line Helen met Mr. Hawley to whom, she took an instant dislike. His small blue eyes were shifty. He looked at one from the corners of them. He seemed coarse and sensuous. No wonder his wife knew he'd flirt with every woman he met; but how could any woman respond to his advances?

He asked her to dance, but she told him she wanted to meet the rest of the people.

WHEN she and Russell came to the group around Uncle Billy, the old scout excused himself to the others,

"I recall that I promised this young lady I'd telll her something about the early days out here. Let's go back by the fire."

"Now just what is it you want to know? My guess is that you're a writer and you want some Indian

stories, or maybe some unusual dope for a travel article."

"No, I'm not a writer." Helen hesitated. Should she tell this old friend of her father's who she was and what she wanted to know? Not just yet, unless he guessed.

"I was interested in what you were telling about the days when this country was owned by what you called big cattle kings. Were there many of them, and do they still own their property?"

"No and yes. In the old days the mountain was divided into a dozen or so big ranches. Each cattle owner claimed hundreds of acres of range-land and some good watering places. In them days big bunches of cattle could be seen most anywheres on the mountain, and the life of the cowboy was really as interestin' and as adventuresome as you folks out East ever imagined it was.

"But that's all changed since the governments took this big chunk for national reserve and made such strict grazin' laws. The old cattle barons was all pushed off this part of the mountain to poorer ranges. A lot of 'em went clean out of business before they died. The rest of 'em didn't leave much of the real romance of the old days to their followers."

"But, are there still men out here whom you might call cattle kings?"

"Well, there's Hawley over there. He owns a big herd. But he ain't a cattle king in the way the old timers was. He didn't grow up out of the country like they did, startin' as a cowhand or a bronco-buster, and workin' up gradual to be the owner of a outfit of his own. And he can't make his own laws and enforce 'em like they used to."

"What about yourself, Mr. Crossly? You've always lived here haven't you? Didn't you ever become a cattle king?"

"Not so's you'd notice it." There was a touch of wistfulness in his laugh. "I didn't have the knack, somehow, of gittin' ahead. I did have ambitions once, though. Me and Sam Huntsman and Steve Heyden's dad used to plan what we was goin' to do."

Helen waited as eager as a child. But the old man paused and sat looking into space. Finally she recalled him.

"Mr. Crossly, where is Sam Huntsman now?"

He started and his quick, dark eyes looked almost frightened.

"They're both gone," he answered slowly, "and the business they was doin' so well with—but you wouldn't be interested in that story. It's got too many sad or unfinished chapters in it."

She was disappointed. The conversation had promised so much. How could she get him talking again?

An outside door opened and a man entered. Uncle Billy got to his feet.

"There's the doctor from the Lodge. I've got to ask him how young Rockwood is. An aviator who takes folks over the canyon," he explained, "had a little accident tonight and we sent for Doc Grosbeck."

Helen started. Her eyes sought the newcomer.

It was Ned Grosbeck standing there by the door—George's college pal who had been best man at her wedding.

Quickly she slipped from the room. If only he had not seen her.

HELEN awoke. Where was she? She turned her eyes from the rough log ceiling to the small window opposite her bed framing a

wide sweep of pine trees. She remembered.

She had chosen instead of a room in the hotel this cabin. The walls were of split logs; the floor of rough pine boards. The plank door and two windows opened out to the valley. The sun was streaming through yellow cretonne curtains, and she could hear a squirrel chattering just outside her door.

She got up and crossed to the window. Down in the grassy flat, scores of deer were feeding. They seemed a definite part of a carefully arranged landscape. The pines and quaking aspens bordering the valley appeared to have been marshalled in orderly troops and marched down to the foot of the mountain slopes. What countless numbers of trees! Some of them must have stood there for ages. Others were slender and more freshly green. She breathed in the clean air, and felt again that strange mystic personality she had mentioned to Steve Heyden the evening before—intangible, brooding, profound. "The spirit of the Kaibab," she whispered.

She was washing her face and hands in cold water from a crockery pitcher on the small washstand, when she heard steps approaching. She slipped on the orange and brown sport dress she had taken from her traveling case and answered the rap on the door.

"A letter for you Mrs. Latimer." The waitress handed her a square envelope.

It was from Fred Grosbeck.

"Dear Helen,

"What luck to find you here! I couldn't be sure it was you when I first saw you last night, it was such a surprise; and by the time I had checked with Russell, you had disappeared.

"Perhaps you and George didn't know I had been appointed medical director for the Union Pacific Lodge at Bright Angel Point. You've no idea how surprised and delighted I am to find you here.

"Where's George? I must have a visit. Russell tells me you're going to stay here at the Park for a few days before coming on to the Lodge. Don't make it too long. I'll be looking for you.

"As ever,
"Fred."

Helen crumpled the letter. What beastly luck! She'd wanted to get away from everything that would remind her of George until she could be absolutely sure about her decision to make a complete break with him. Fred, of course would try to persuade her to go back.

(To be continued)

Woman's Responsibility as a Buyer of Textiles and Clothing

By Vilate Elliott, Professor of Textiles and Clothing, B. Y. U.

"The economy of right uses depends largely upon the homemaker."
"To woman it is given to add many-fold to the enjoyment which the wealth products of industry are able to secure."

THE conditions of the American home have changed radically in the last fifty years. The woman of today can no longer do the things her mother did; so much of the housework done by her mother has been taken out of the home; yet the responsibility has not been lessened. As the work in the home decreased, the problem of buy-

ing increased. Most of the things formerly manufactured in the home or, in many instances, grown in the home garden, are now purchased. Our mothers had their milk and egg money, which supplied many of the everyday wants. These reasons, connected with the decrease in the purchasing power of money, have greatly augmented her expenditures, until the demands are more numerous and the responsibility greater than ever before, so that the success or failure of this, the twentieth century woman, depends upon her ability to adapt herself to the present conditions.

A SCHEDULE for gaining the best results in spending one's time, money and effort should be deliberately formed and then adhered to as closely as possible. But even then failure and discouragement come. No one but a woman knows the motives, the plans, the hopes which actuate her in spending all she has to spend; but when she has given freely of her time and effort and the results are unsatisfactory, she feels she has failed indeed.

However, with her experience, coupled with the cooperation of others and united with the many public demonstrations and the opportunities afforded in vocational training, with a determination to meet her difficulties squarely, she will renew her efforts; she will make herself competent as a spender. Then and then only will she begin to have joy and satisfaction in handling the money with which she has been provided.

IN some families, the mother is not the buyer; the father earns the money and then retains the right to spend it; he decides on the vital needs of the home and family. If a mother spends any of the family income, she does it only under his direction or he goes with her and is the deciding factor as to the kind and quality of the article she buys. If she is given any money at all, she is expected to give a strict accounting of it. Frequently, with her lack of experience and business knowledge, she is unable to do this.

A woman once said to me, "I sometimes wish I were back behind my stenographer's desk. All our family troubles are over money. My husband thinks I am not capable of spending the portion of his salary allowed for the house. When I was a stenographer I at least had the privilege of spending my own money. I earn the money we use as much as he does." And she was right. The income brought into the home is earned as much by the mother as by the father; it is just a division of the labor. She does not go to an office every morning, but she has all the care and responsibility of the home and children; in many cases this is far the heavier burden. When a man cannot see that his wife has equal rights with him in spending the income, particularly that portion that is spent for the home, there is a lack of right understanding and of kind and sympathetic cooperation. The mother knows the needs of the house better. She can arrange her time for shopping better, and she is usually a more capable judge of clothing. There are exceptions, but even if a woman is a poor buyer and has very little business ability, with the aid of a kindly husband to help her keep accounts, a determination to learn, and the opportunity of buying given to her, she will succeed. She will have satisfaction in spending the money her husband has brought into the home, showing him

how efficient she can be in making the amount cover the needs of the family.

WOMEN are responsible for the quality of goods on the market. They think of themselves as buyers not as demanders, yet the supply is dependent upon the demand. The demander not only creates the supply, but she is responsible to a degree for the character of the supply; therefore she will not get the best supply until she learns best how to make her demands. If she desires a higher and more practical quality of goods placed on the market, she must demand it wisely and intelligently: in this way she will help determine production.

Ready-to-wear clothing is frequently put together so poorly it has to be gone over before it can be worn; fasteners sewed on, seams resewed, threads fastened, and numerous other little details. This should be taken into account when buying, it forms bad habits of dealing with worthless imitations, it has its effect on the buyer as well as the maker of the article. A real workman takes little pleasure in making such an article, his joy is in creating from good material something worthy of his time and effort.

SOME families find it economical to buy materials and have the dress made at home by a visiting dressmaker, or put it out to be made by one. If the woman knows her dressmaker, she can frequently get a dress of style, with good lines, more exclusive, with greater individuality and better materials for less money than she could buy one ready-to-wear. But she must be sure of her dressmaker. An amateur cannot always visualize styles from patterns. She may place too much emphasis on the technique at the expense of construction; in such cases, the dress is not always satisfactory.

Other families buy the ready-to-wear almost entirely; they keep their wardrobe to the minimum by having practically one dress at a time. They wear it until it is soiled or loses its freshness, then cast it aside and purchase a new one. This type of woman never has anything really nice, her clothes are usually of an inferior grade, made in the latest fashion and purchased with little regard to their durability.

There is still another group of women who plan their wardrobe carefully. They have fewer gowns, but they are of the better type. They buy one each season. Great care is exercised in buying this gown, as it must last for several seasons; the style must be lasting, artistic, and exclusive. Each year they may add a dress or some other article to their wardrobe which will make it possbile for them to be presentable on all occasions. Such a woman can appear better dressed with no more cost than the one who buys a cheaper grade of gown more frequently.

A point worth remembering in buying is for each woman to try and select clothing that will harmonize in color with her own coloring and with what clothing she already has in her wardrobe. In this way she can reduce the number of wraps, hats, gloves, shoes, and hosiery, since they will all fit into the same color scheme.

THE intelligent buyer must have a knowledge of conditions of industries, of manufacturers, of branded or unbranded clothing, a common knowledge of staple materials, their widths, prices, their wearing qualities, their fastness to sun and water, what materials wear best for certain purposes. She should have some knowledge of costume design and of house furnishings, she should know the simple home tests of materials in order to judge of their values as to the kind of raw materials used. This knowledge will bring her the largest possible returns for her money.

She needs some business training to estimate her expenses. A household budget is one of the best economic methods for the wise spending of income. The fifteen or twenty per cent allowed for clothing can be spent more advantageously by knowing the amount she can spend in a given length of time. She should take an inventory of the clothing on hand, then try to provide suitable and attractive clothing for each member of her family. Her scheme should be so worked out that not only the vital needs are supplied, but some of the wants and desires should have a place in it. This makes the burden of buying easier.

EVERY woman desires decent, wholesome, and, if possible, beautiful clothing; she wishes them to be comfortable and, to a degree, conform to the prevailing styles. Two essential points which make an article pleasing to the eye are its color and its line. If she has but a little money to spend and exercises good judgment and good taste in spending it, she is much safer in this whirlpool of fads and fashions, and will no doubt arrive at a selection of right choice that will go far to make up her environment.

There is a class, however, who demonstrate a lack of ability as purchasers by indulging in every fad of fashion; who feel if a dress shows any signs of wear it should be cast aside; a dress that has been worn long enough to have been seen by one's acquaintances is no longer wearable. "Change must ever be the keynote; what was worn yesterday must not be worn today." These fads and fashions usually lack utility; they are made in such a way as to denote the year or even the season of the year they were used. There is a constant pressure brought to bear on women to keep in touch with such styles. If a woman is sufficiently determined, she will see the pitfalls to which such dressing leads, but it does make it hard for the woman who really wants to choose wisely and who wishes to keep her wardrobe to the minimum number of articles.

One great difficulty in shopping with a limited amount of money is the beautiful window displays, the style shows, the big page of advertising on which are shown the very articles she would like, but does not particularly need. Often her desires are so strong she is completely carried away for the time and buys some of these things. She wears them a few times with the thought always uppermost that she did not choose wisely; she paid too much; she used money that should have been spent for other clothing of a more practical nature. One derives very little satisfaction out of such a purchase. It brings to mind the saying that "he who buys what he does not need will often need what he cannot buy." Also, "In olden times women thought and thought and thought before the spent, now they spend and then think and think and think."

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—now in the month of roses, sunshine and love may good will vie with nature, in bounteous gifts.

MARIE JOSE, Belgian crown princess of Italy, before engaging in Red Cross work in eastern Africa assisted the war cause at home by eliminating all luxuries and all wastage of light and heat and reducing food costs in the royal palace at Naples.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Margaret Rose, of New York, age 10 and 6 are being carefully trained towards the possiblity of accession to the throne of England. The methods of the late Victoria are still paramount in the royal household in spite of modern trends.

MARGARET MOORES MARSHALL, research expert on the status of women in work, says, "Besides training, the assets of personality and character would help in raising the minimum wage for women by ability to do one's work well and intelligence to follow through and complete the task. If women would dedicate their work along this line they would help raise the minimum wage for all women.

ELIZABETH CLEVENOT has been awarded a medal and named officer of the Tunison order of Miham Iftikar for research work in Northern French Africa. Only two women have attained this special rank.

SONJA HENIE, Olympic Figure-Skating Champion, has decided to become professional and is dancing her way on skates to Hollywood.

AMELIA EARHART is planning another solo flight, this time around the world. Purdue University is helping finance the trip and cooperating in the preparation of the "flying laboratory" for research work in aeronautics.

MARY SMITH, age 22, of Idaho, made her maiden plea before the state supreme court, after which she had much profound advice for women aspirants to the legal profession. The reporters called her a second Portia.

MURIEL LA VON GOODSPEED, of Utah, won a Dorothy Stone scholarship award which carries a film contract and six months training in drama.

MME. MARIA SAVAGE is still a member of the Metropolitan opera though past 71 years. She says of all the great stars Caruso was the most pleasant to work with.

AMELIA WOOLLEY WARDROP, 80, one of Utah's most beloved mothers, and a devoted Church worker, died early last month. She was an honored member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, a Gold Star mother, and an untiring worker in the Relief Society.

PEARL BUCK will probably quit writing for awhile and devote her talents to the care of the twin boys recently adopted.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S "The Golden Peacock," Margaret Banning's "The Iron Will," Ann Rand's "We the Living," and "The Lost Generation," by Maxine Davis, are new books of unusual interest.

WHERE THE SEGO LILLIES GROW

By Lydia Hall

There's a trail I love to follow
In a western desert land,
On the shining hills it leads me
Through the rocks and through the sand,
Rocks and sand agleam with color
Like a crimson sunset glow
To a place of wondrous beauty
Where the sego lillies grow.

I have seen the streets of cities
With their many brilliant lights,
I have seen the mossy woodlands
Luring in their cool delight,
But today I can't help thinking
Of that trail and well I know
That when springtime comes I'm going
To the place where segos grow.

O fair flower of dear Utah
May I always find you there
With your snowy cup and fragrance,
Always beautiful and rare,
And at last in life's sweet evening
When the sun is sinking low
Let me lay me down to slumber
Where the sego lillies grow.

TO MY WIFE

By Carlton Culmsee

You have not given me all,
You will give more.
If my need sharpens and I call,
You'll find another store
Of helpfulness behind some hidden door.

This chapel where you dwell
Is curious of design.
There is no inmost cell
With a last shrine.
Each year unlocks a room more large and fine.

TIMPANOGOS

By Belle Watson Anderson

Thou weird, mysterious woman
Cold and passionless as stone,
Mystic veils float o'er thy forehead,
Costly robes adorn thy throne.
Thou art beautiful in winter
While in wedding gown you wait
Bridesmaids dressed in white ensembles,
But the bridegroom comes too late.
Terrible has been thy conflict,
Wild throbbing heart has been stilled,
Silent feet, and noiseless turnings,
All thy dreams still unfulfilled.
Thou hast seen a thousand sunsets
Paint the skies behind the hill,
Thou hast known the night's pale moonlight
Languidly—without a thrill.
Gorgeous at the dawn, as humble,
High achievement, unproclaimed,
Silent words—tho' strong as granite
Thou hast greatest heights attained.
Since sweet childhood days you've waited
So constantly at my side,
Others tired, strayed and wandered,
Thou wer't mine—whate'er betide.
Some day, I shall loose my turmoil
In the prayer of faith supreme
Sometime, I shall know thy stillness,
In a happy, trusting dream.
But that waiting, endless, changeless
Always longing to be free,
That hast turned thy stone to quartzite,
Fit thee for eternity.

SMILES

By Susan Rey

Most things get faded and worn
When we use them every day
But wearing a smile to work
Improves us in every way.

Understanding Our Children

By Virginia B. Jacobsen

LITTLE Jean, age five and one-half years, cuddled up close to her mother on the davenport after their evening hour of stories.

"Mother, I just love Ronny. I am going to marry him when I grow up." Jean made this astounding announcement without any sign of embarrassment.

Her wise mother was equal to the occasion. "Does Ronny like you, too?"

"Not very much. But I love him. Sometimes in kindergarten I just go up and squeeze him, I love him so much."

"Why do you love him?" asked her mother very much interested in the youthful confidence.

"Oh, he is such a nice boy. He is never mean to the girls, and he is polite in school. Some of the boys are so mean, but Ronny never is."

What a fortunate thing that this wise mother had inspired the confidence of her child at this period in life. How understanding of her to have met the situation as she did, instead of having shamed or repulsed the confidence as many mothers do.

The love impulse in children is as natural as breathing. A happy child is surrounded with love; he loves those around him because they love him. Therefore, it is natural for him to look for love and understanding at school, among his playmates no matter where he may be. The child's first love is his mother, or the individual who nourishes and cares for him. This all-absorbing love usually lasts until the child is two or three years old. Then he finds new interests in his playmates. This interest may be in either boys or girls of his same age. Sex preferences play a small part, if any, in their attachments. At this stage they resort to all sorts of tricks to attract the attention and admiration of the other children. They embrace and kiss simply as an outward expression of affection for each other.

THE next stage is reached during the early school life. For the first time they become fully aware of themselves as girls and boys. At this period a decided hostility seems to exist between the two. Boys, particularly, seem to look upon girls with decided disdain; something created purposely to annoy them. They frequently even resort to cruelty to girls in order to show their disdain to the other boys. This attitude does not always hold true with separate individuals. Often little boys of eight and ten prefer and enjoy the companionship of a certain little girl, but when in a crowd of boys they usually assume the gang attitude.

WHEN the age of puberty arrives during the early teens, there is a decided change in the interests and attractions. Each becomes aware shyly, though pleasantly, of the other. The attraction between the sexes has begun. If at this time a child has the wise guidance and sincere confidence of an understanding parent there is little to fear. This is a beautiful period of development in the child and a wise parent will help a child to understand the mental and physical changes within him.

There is nothing shameful or unworthy in his interests in the opposite sex. It is not a weed to be pulled up and cast out. It should be trained

and cultivated, nourished and pruned a bit, a stray wisp clipped off here and there, until at last, a dependable and healthy growth rewards our efforts.

Countless questions will come into the minds of boys and girls of this age. If they have learned that mother and father are honest with them in all things, even in the matter of answering perplexing questions, they will come to the right source for information. But, if they have found in the past that mother and father avoid answering those all-important questions, they will seek their knowledge elsewhere.

Parents cannot afford to let themselves be deceived in this matter. If their sons and daughters of this age are not coming to them for biological information they are getting it elsewhere in a manner usually far from right. Their informants are generally playmates who have been misinformed themselves.

The time to begin this biological education is when the child first comes to its mother with the question, "Mother, what are these two little pimples on my chest?" Or similar questions which come into every normal child's mind. If mothers and fathers have been honest and sincere in answering these questions, children will continue to have confidence in them when more serious questions come into their minds.

Parents who shirk this responsibility are losing some of the greatest joys in life.

Following the age of puberty and the first awakening of interest in the opposite sex, comes adolescence and the beginning of real love for the opposite sex. If the child has had the wise and loving council of his parents he understands the impulses within him, and knows how to control them. He knows that they are natural and beautiful, and if properly guarded will bring him supreme happiness when he reaches adulthood. But it very largely rests with the parents just what will come of this love impulse.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER

By Carol Lyon Ash

Dearest father of mine, so precious to me:
Another full year has passed—
Father Time has taken you one more year
On life's journey that's flying so fast.

Seems but a few short years ago
Since I sat upon your knee,
Hearing you read the poems I loved
Or the stories so dear to me.

Memories of you are so sweet and clear—
Seems time cannot efface
Your loving words and tenderness—
In my life, they found such a place!

I wonder sometimes why I was so blessed
As to have such a father as you;
I feel so unworthy of this gift to me
When I know what I really should do.

I've met several good men in my life
Who bear a resemblance to you,
But to find one as perfect as you really are
Is a task most impossible to do!

I haven't been blessed with earthly wealth,
But the riches that are thine
Are worth much more than money can buy—
My heritage—Father mine.

May this birthday be a happy one,
With loved ones by your side:
May the peace and comfort you merit
Be with you and abide!

May the years that follow be better still
Than the ones you've left behind:
Health, wealth, happiness—may they be yours—
Complete with a keen, clear mind!

Do the Compensations of Motherhood Overbalance Its Responsibilities?

By Edith L. Anderson

I FEEL sure that nearly every one believes with almost, if not quite, an absolute conviction that the compensations of motherhood *do* overbalance the sacrifices. We might go so far as to say that every mother in the world believes that very thing even though some are reluctant in admitting it; the reluctant ones usually being those who have given mother-craft a secondary place in their lives rather than making the rearing of their children their chief objective. The mothers who suffer and sacrifice the most for the sake of their children are the ones who experience most fully the highest compensations for their sacrifices.

However, since most of us are mothers of young children with many years of work and responsibility still ahead of us before our task of motherhood is completed (if ever!), there must be moments in all our lives—if not yet, there undoubtedly will be—when conditions are such as to make us wonder if our sacrifices are worthwhile, if we are really succeeding well enough to justify the tremendous physical and mental burden we have placed upon ourselves. But, if during those moments of uncertainty and suffering we can call to mind even *one* of motherhood's compensations, we shall find the courage to go on in spite of our difficulties, to the completion of our life's work.

IT is generally recognized that the sacrifices of motherhood are, briefly speaking, physical and social. The physical sacrifices include loss of health and youthful vigor, in many cases an actual breaking down of health and nerves; the sacrificing of physical comforts, in accordance with individual circumstances. The true mother of course denies herself comforts, luxuries and even the necessities of life itself in order that her children shall survive and have their chance. The social sacrifices mean first of all her leisure, the *time* which she devotes to caring for the physical, mental and spiritual needs of her family, which otherwise she would have for herself. The vast amount of work which she does makes it physically impossible for her to have as much social life as the childless woman; she is tied more closely to home; she is not free to come and go as she pleases. In addition to all that she has the great responsibility of her work, carrying with it mental anxiety and sorrow unequalled in any other walk of life. If there is anything greater in the world than mother love it is, perhaps, mother grief.

And so when that dark day comes when the task of motherhood seems almost too great, when we are so tired physically, so weary and exasperated mentally, so discouraged spiritually as almost to envy the well-preserved, seemingly carefree woman we know who has no children but who has, instead, all of her time and means for herself and her social or professional life, who has the exclusive companionship of her husband at all times (such as we enjoyed only before our first baby ar-

rived) and who is apparently as much if not more appreciated and admired than we who spend our time and strength in toiling for the human needs of everyday life—when that day comes, what are we to think of that will bring us back to our normal state of mind and being, that of loving, cheerful, self-sacrificing, hard-working mothers? Let us see.

We must remember first of all that in many instances the childless woman finds herself, or is afraid she will find herself either pitied or blamed, and her attitude becomes one of defense against that situation whether or not she really deserves our pity or censure. Her activities and her seemingly carefree manner are but a gallant attempt to mask a disappointment and heartache such as we have never known; so that before we envy her we must pause to admire her bravery. We are going to remember that in our homes we have a love and companionship that is warmer, truer and more lasting than is found anywhere else. A companionship that comes nearest to surviving all the tests of time and circumstances, which eliminates all possibility of loneliness and which warms our hearthside for us and for all who cross our threshold. We have a family circle wherein life may be lived at its very fullest and finest.

Then we shall remember that in motherhood we have an opportunity for intellectual development and self-improvement which can be gained in no other one field. In the physical and mental training of our children we read and study so many branches of learning that we give ourselves a liberal education and develop a sense of thought and reasoning beyond what we could achieve with a less impelling incentive.

Let us remember also that as mothers we develop in ourselves, consciously and unconsciously, the highest quality of character, those attributes which otherwise would remain undeveloped or at least only partially developed: I mean those superlative qualities known as patience, unselfishness and tolerance. We at various times have condemned ourselves for our lack of patience, expressing ourselves as striving for more and more of it and yet one would have to travel far and search long and diligently before finding greater patience than is practiced by most every mother. The unselfishness of motherhood is shown in every act of a mother's life, and that means in all that she does and is. Where else will you find utter selflessness to such a degree? And that greatest of all virtues, *tolerance*, for a larger measure of which all mankind today is struggling by every possible means, is more clearly manifest among mothers than in any or all other groups of individuals whether they be professional, political, religious or social. That very tolerance leads to a kinship and companionship, a sympathetic understanding between mothers the extent of which cannot be measured.

SO, having remembered that as mothers we have so much of love and companionship, self-development, and quality of character as to make us richer than we can hope to realize, if we still feel that our rewards are too few for our sacrifices, let us then remember that we have power, *power* second only to that of the Creator Himself over the helpless little souls entrusted to our keeping. Our children are as plastic clay in our hands to make or mar. The task of molding character may well employ to the utmost the best abilities of any woman.

Do we wish to use our power and

influence in social service? If so, nothing that we can do will have a more potent, far-reaching effect for the good of society than the making of our children into good citizens. Though it may sound extreme, it is reasonable to believe that if each mother did her full duty in the home, if each mother mastered for herself the first great problem assigned to women—that of molding and training character, there would not be so great a need for a mighty army of welfare workers to relieve the sufferings of humanity.

Let us remember, too, that this vast work and responsibility which becomes ours in rearing our children, has a strong tendency to keep *us* in the straight and narrow way ourselves. For realizing as we do the importance of setting the proper example before our children and desiring by that example to instill the proper teachings into their lives, we are more careful of our own conduct, lest we defeat our own purposes and so that we may not lose the respect and affection of our children. The commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother," is a mighty one. Children who, by the time they are grown, have failed to practice it, will then have brought disgrace to themselves and everlasting sorrow to their parents. That blessed commandment can work the other way, too. The child who is forced to grow up with a sense of inferiority and humiliation under the disgrace of the wrongdoings of his parents, is injured beyond all hope or possibility of recovery. His mind and his soul are irreparably damaged. So, I say, let us honor our children that they may do honor to us.

THE little boy who is sent by his mother out into the night alone to return the marble which he had found and kept while knowing the owner, never forgets the incident and relates it when he is a gray-haired man. He remembers it not so much because of his fear of the darkness, for that will have been forgotten, but he remembers the sincerity of sorrow and alarm in his young mother's eyes, the not-to-be-imitated conviction in her voice as she told him there were few persons so despised as thieves, few crimes worse than stealing. It was from the whole of his mother's personality that he received that overwhelming impression of dishonesty. She believed with all her heart that dishonesty is a terrible sin—only by such sincerity can moral precepts be taught.

Finally, in completing our search for the compensations of our motherhood, if our task is well done, we have a sense of completeness, the satisfaction of having fulfilled our destiny in its fullness; and with the passing of time, in the accomplishments and achievements of our children we reap glory and distinction beyond compare. For just as Lincoln said "All that I am or hope to be I owe to my mother," so the poet has said to the mother's son:

"Like mother, like son," is a saying so true,
The world will judge largely of "Mother" by you—
Be *sure* it will say when its verdict *we've* won
"She reaped as she sowed,
Lo, this is her son."

The Awakening

By Edna May Irvine

MARY GREENWAY was working in her rose garden. It was extremely warm and as she stopped her digging and pruning to wipe her perspiring face, she heard voices in quiet conversation. Peering through the foliage she saw two women turn in at her front gate.

Mary went out but little and had few callers. Widowed soon after the birth of her child, she had taken her responsibility seriously and had devoted her whole time to the care of her home and daughter. She had often said that when her child was raised she would go out to meetings, but, though Lucia was now married and living in a near-by town, Mary was still a "home woman."

Mary was sure her visitors were the Relief Society teachers. It was the Thursday on which they were requested to make their visits and they were dutiful teachers.

Mary soliloquized: "They can't see me so I won't let on that I heard them. It must be nearly noon now and I want to finish this job before it gets any hotter. Their chief reason for calling is to get a donation and with Lucia's birthday just past, I can hardly spare anything."

Mary had a feeling of guilty relief as she saw the sisters pass out the gate and continue on their way. Of course they might return, but she could say she was working in the garden and let them infer that she had not seen or heard them. She had never been a cheerful giver and had sometimes said that those who had to have charity were worthless poor more often than worthy poor.

She had managed her own affairs carefully, had never accepted help and never expected to need help, and narrowly thought every one should fit into her mold. This was not the first time she had failed to admit the Relief Society teachers. Had she analyzed her feelings she would have realized that she could not say to herself, "Well done."

MARY again applied herself to her work. Her hat was in the way so she had thrown it off. Now her task was finished and she gathered up her things and walked to the house. She was indeed tired. It was unusually hot. She would go in and have a cup of iced tea to refresh herself and then lie down and rest a while.

Mary always had to have her cup of tea. Of course the Word of Wisdom was all right but she was sure there was not much harm in taking a cup of tea.

What made her feel so queer? It seemed to be getting dark. She groped toward the nearest chair and then—oblivion. When she regained consciousness she was lying on the floor. Someone was knocking. Mary tried to rise but couldn't, so she called, "Come in." Her voice sounded weak and she feared she would not be heard. She needed help.

The door opened and in walked Sister Brown and Sister Adams, the Relief Society teachers, making a return call.

"Why, Sister Greenway, what is the matter?"

"I don't know. I just woke up and found myself lying here and I can't seem to get up."

They lifted Mary to the couch and

gave her a drink of water. They made mention of her hat and garden tools and then she began to recall what had happened.

"We visited our block this morning and as several were not at home we decided to call again this evening. We were avoiding the heat of the day."

"This evening," said Mary. "Then I must have been lying here several hours."

The teachers looked at each other rather guiltily.

"I wonder if you were lying here when we came this morning?" said Sister Adams.

Mary closed her eyes and moved her head from side to side but said nothing.

THE sisters put her comfortably to bed and called the doctor. He pronounced it sunstroke, said it might or might not prove serious and recommended that Mary remain in bed for a week or more.

"Shall we send for your daughter, Sister Greenway?"

"No, no. Lucia will be down Saturday. They generally come on Saturday and remain over Sunday. Lucia has enough with her husband and child to care for. I'll get along all right."

The sisters would not think of leaving her alone and, as Mr. Brown was away for a time, Sister Brown said she would gladly stay until Lucia should come.

Saturday morning the following letter came from Lucia:

"Dear Mother:

"You will probably be disappointed to hear that we will not be down to see you for a while as we are leaving for Yellowstone Saturday at noon. I expected to see you before we left, but just can't make it. I know you will forgive me.

"The Simpsons are going with us or we would have taken you. We felt you would not enjoy the trip if the car were crowded. I'll send a card every day.

"Love and kisses from Lucia and Mary Beth."

Mary was visibly disappointed but uttered no word of criticism. Lucia and Harold had promised to take her to Yellowstone when they went and she had looked forward to it. Of course she would not have been able to go as things were now, but at any rate, she had counted on Lucia's coming this week end and remaining to take care of her. She couldn't impose on Sister Brown much longer. She would have to hire someone, yet she hardly felt able to pay a nurse. By being careful she had enough for her simple needs, but a siege of helplessness would soon exhaust her resources.

THE Bishop and Relief Society president called and other sisters helped in relieving Sister Brown. The Elders came to administer several times, but Mary seemed to have lost all desire to live. She said she was no longer necessary to her daughter and if she were going to be helpless, what had she to live for?

"Perhaps you haven't demanded enough from your duaghter," suggested Sister Brown.

"I haven't demanded anything from her. I always delighted to do all I could for her. I can see now that I should have cultivated friends and outside interests so that I would not have been solely dependent upon Lucia for happiness."

"It isn't too late yet," said Sister Brown. When you recover you must come to the Relief Society and I am sure you will find social, spiritual, and intellectual interests that will give you new life."

"I don't feel that the Relief Society owes me anything, Sister Brown. I'm ashamed to confess

that I saw you the morning you came to visit and purposely let you think I was not at home. I have never been loyal to the Relief Society or to the church, and this may be a punishment or perhaps the Father has just been good to me in showing me my error. After all the kindness I have received, I feel that I can never do enough to show my gratitude. If I recover, I must show it in service; if I do not recover, I must repay in some other way.

WHEN Lucia returned and found what had occurred during her absence she was truly remorseful and she, too, learned a life-lasting lesson.

"Never fail to welcome the Relief Society teachers," her mother admonished her. "And never fail to give them a donation if it is your last cent."

Mary Greenway partially recovered and became an ardent Relief Society worker and visiting teacher. The weather was never so cold or so warm that it prevented Mary from visiting her block. No work was important enough to keep her from attending her meetings. She was never happier than when doing a service in a home where service was needed. Often she remarked that she had never before known what real happiness was, and whenever she bore her testimony she thanked her Heavenly Father for helping her to see the right way and for granting her the privilege of making up somewhat for her past indifference.

She never felt that she could do enough and when she passed away it was found that, with the full concurrence of her daughter, she had left her worldly possessions to the organization she had learned to love so dearly.

IN QUEST OF HAPPINESS

By Minnie Seaver

Once I wanted gayety and laughter
With music soft and sweet,
I thought I'd surely find happiness
In the joy of dancing feet.

Again I longed for ruffled gowns,
For stockings, silken sheen—
Heels tiny and high, for parties revelry;
Such was a young girl's dream.

Those dreams are over, I smile to remember—
How little I knew of life—
Long years have taught, that happiness
Is love and sacrifice.

TO MY CHILDREN

By Claire S. Boyer

You have made my world a wider plane,
With horizons touching a clearer blue,
You have helped me find the fairest peaks
And roads that were straight and wide and true.

You have given me zest to travel far,
And to help wherever I found a need,
And tho' I was striving for you, my dears,
It was I who profited most indeed!

The joy you brought was a deeper joy,
The sorrow was light for my soul to see,
The trouble gave strength for greater work,—
You fashioned my spirituality.

So if a halo your mother wears,
She smiles in an understanding way,
Replacing the glory upon your heads,
Each time the year brings your glad birthday.

A Challenge to Parents on Summer Nutrition Standards

Anna Page, Nutrition Specialist

CHILDREN need more care, attention, and regularity for the performing of correct health habits in the summer than they do during the winter months when school keeps them within a schedule. More attention is needed for a summer health regime as there is a higher percentage of underweight and undernourished children in the fall than at the close of school in the spring. What are the reasons? Are parents willing to admit they cannot take care of their own child's health better than the public schools? Have they failed to realize that the purpose of the summer vacation is to give the child rest from school work and a chance to build up his health and resistance? Are parents aware that this deplorable situation exists?

Probably the greatest reason for this underweight condition at the end of the summer is irregularity in performing health habits. Why should children as soon as school closes be allowed to go to bed when they please, eat their meals when they want to, and especially eat all the fruit, candy, and other sweets they can get in between meals?

REGULAR habits of eating and sleeping are determining factors in building optimum health. Very often as soon as the stimulus of getting the child to school on time, and the necessity of having his noon meal ready for him on time is removed, the irregular habit is formed to eat when there is the proper desire for food, or when the time is convenient for the parents. Three well planned regular meals, served at the same time each day helps in doing away with the evil of eating in between meals. It is the responsibility of the parent to not only see to it that the child has a regular rest period, but also to prepare and serve regular meals during the summer as well as during the winter.

Extremely irregular meals have a great effect on the child's nutrition. The body acts best when it has definitely established hours for eating, sleeping, and evacuations. If eating habits are regular, then the chances are greater that sleepnig, exercise, and play will follow with regular habits and contribute to the optimum health of the child.

Consider the effect that irregular meals have on digestion and health. When two meals are close together, others far apart, and when the hours vary hap-hazardly from day to day, no definite habits of eating and living can be built up. The child will be over hungry for one meal and have little appetite for the next. Better digestion of foods take place when we have meals regularly. The stomach is better prepared to receive food when it is not taken too frequently or irregularly. The digestive juices secrete properly and better digestion results from the right selection of food and the correct intervals between the taking of food.

Parents will find that children eat in between meals more in the summer than during the school months. This is particularly true of undernourished, irritable children who do not seem happy unless they are con-

tinually eating fruit, candy, or bread and butter and jelly at all hours. While the practice of having a light mid-morning or mid-afternoon lunch is accepted by some authorities, there are no positive statements in nutrition which say that one should have only three meals a day. In England they have four meals a day, in Germany five or six, yet their health standards are doubtless as high as our own. It is this indiscriminate eating in between regular meals that causes digestive disturbances. Never having the child give his stomach rest before taking in more indigestible food causes many rear end collisions resulting in the intestinal tract as well as a great deal of trouble resulting in indigestion.

A child during the growing period usually has a good appetite resulting in good digestion. The child's digestive system usually functions better than an adult's digestive system does, providing the child does not abuse his digestive system by eating the wrong kind of foods and continually eating in between meals. Much of our indigestion that occurs later in life is caused by wrong food habits during childhood. It is unquestionably the parents' responsibility to protect the digestive system of the child and thus insure better digestion for the adult.

Perhaps the most common effect of "piecing" between meals is to cut down on the total amount of food eaten. A striking example of this is shown in the case of a six year old girl whose total amount of food was kept for twenty-four hours. This child put something into her stomach eight times between breakfast and dinner and yet her total amount of food eaten was less than half of her energy requirement.

Eating of candy or other sweets in between meals has the most serious effect by lessening or destroying the appetite for milk, vegetables, and other important foods and to thus crowd them partially or entirely out of the diet. As some children have more leisure time during the summer months, there is more of a tendency for them to want to have money to spend at the corner drug store. When the idea that nickels and dimes are not to be spent for candy and other sweets is overcome, the effect in better appetite and health will be rather convincing. Appetite dulled by sweets, as a rule, deadens a normal desire for mild, bland foods as milk, cereals, and vegetables, and highly flavored meats or more sweets are demanded for an appetite appeal. Many parents have the idea that if children would only eat fruit in between meals that very little harm will result, yet when children are allowed to eat all the fruit they want this will take away their appetite for other essential foods. Where children eat fruit at all hours and without supervision, some of this fruit will probably be green. Green fruit contains irritating acids that are difficult to digest. As fruit ripens more of the starch is changed to a more digestible form of sugar. Unripe fruit may cause digestive disturbances, while fully ripened fruit may not have these detrimental effects.

If good nutrition standards are to be maintained, children during the summer need to be watched more carefully and warned about eating a great abundance of ripe or green fruit. Fruit served as a part of the regular meals is the correct standard.

CHILDREN are very often underweight at the beginning of the school year because they habitually eat an insufficient amount of building and energy food. During the summer frequently, too, a large pro-

portion of fruits and vegetables is used in the family diet which does not meet the caloric needs of children. For an adult this is usually a good rule to follow, but children need additional energy giving foods. Owing to the extra activity, the child's energy requirement is higher during the summer than during the winter. This is especially true if the child does any type of physical work or exercise. The average child who plays hard all day uses a great deal of energy. Many children run and play from sunrise until sunset without stopping except for meals. Thus the energy requirement is increased over the winter months when they have to spend a certain amount of time quietly in school. Obviously, there are only two things to do, first, increase the total amount of food or, second, do not allow the child to over work or over play. Some of the best ways to prevent this over stimulation is to have the child take an afternoon rest or nap or to devote some time each day to reading or quiet games.

THE child needs as much or more sleep during the summer than in the winter. Food, sleep, drink, and exercise constitute the most important needs of the growing child. According to physiologists the demand for sleep is even more insistent than that for food, since lack of sleep will produce death more quickly than will starvation. Sleep like food is needed in far greater amounts by the young than by the adult. As children very often go to bed later at night and get up earlier in the morning their time of sleeping is cut too short for optimum health.

The rapid spread of the radio in the last few years has become a serious cause of shortage of sleep both in the city and in the country. Night after night many children sit up until eleven or twelve o'clock in order to get the programs that are only given at those times. Parents should decide which is the most important for growing children, radio programs or sufficient sleep for good health standards.

A continual shortage of sleep, either in going to bed too late or getting up too early will affect the health of the child. During sleep the body processes slow down and the need for energy is the least the body can ever require, awake and active the needs are greatly increased. Thus every hour awake increases the fuel need of the body. Then if more food is not taken, the body tissues are burned and loss of weight necessarily follows. But in addition, loss of sleep causes a hyper-irritable nervous system. This nervous condition further increases the food needs, while at the same time it usually diminishes the desires for food. So lack of sleep tends to produce a nervous, irritable, undernourished child.

PARENTS should no longer be satisfied in having their children somewhere near the normal weight for height and age. But the aim now is to have each child reach optimum health. However, normal weight is very important. There is no question that a child that is greatly underweight is seriously handicapped both physically and mentally. The aim of every parent during the summer vacation should be to help build up the child's health and thus increase his resistance in order that the child may enjoy his school work without fatigue.

A number of recent experiments and investigations show that if the right foods were eaten, if sun baths

were taken, and sufficient amount of sleep and fresh air became habitual, resistance to disease can be built up.

Children of school age should be encouraged to spend time out in the sunshine and fresh air. Parents should remember that the valuable rays of sun are only beneficial when they shine directly on the skin; that the sun rays are most intense during the middle of the day; that during July and August the sun may be so intense that it may be harmful. It is very important therefore that the child becomes accustomed to the sun very slowly. A gradual tanning of the skin is the thing desired. From some observations made in Switzerland, they found the ultra-violet intensity in summer to be twenty times as great as it is in the winter. This, however, will depend to a great extent upon altitude and humidity.

Most children if allowed to play outside will get a sufficient amount of the sun rays, and yet will seek the shade in the hotter part of the day, thus avoiding detrimental effects. Older children need sun baths and sun rays for building up resistance rather than for the prevention of rickets. There is a possibility that right food and health habits and sufficient amount of sun will build up the child's resistance so that during the winter months many colds and children's diseases can be prevented.

The foods best for building up resistance to disease are green leafy vegetables and milk. Children need two vegetables besides potatoes every day. At least one of these should be a green leafy vegetable. Often the child grows rapidly during the summer, so it is very important that he has each day a full quart of milk. In general, the foods which need to be increased in the diet are milk, vegetables, fruit, and whole grain cereals. The foods that need to be limited for the child are meats, excessive amounts of sugar, rich pastries, and an over abundance of fruits.

A CHALLENGE is made to parents, first, to maintain the responsibility of helping the child practice regularly the health habits he has learned at school, second, to provide the child with the following essentials:

1. At least three well planned meals served at regular times.
2. Encourage the child not to eat between meals.
3. Required amount of sleep with regular hours for sleeping.
4. Allow the child to spend a great deal of time in the fresh air and sunshine.
5. No over stimulation, either in excessive work or play.

BABY

By Emma Rigby Coleman

My baby's hands
Are tiny hands
As chubby as can be.
I know not all the
Powers they hold
As he lifts them
Up to me!

My baby's smile
Is a whimsical smile
As elfish as can be.
I know there's mischief
Lurking near
When he slyly
Looks at me!

His Mother

By Irene McCullough

MARY pulled her long robe closer about her. The unkind wind seemed determined to bury his teeth in her very bones.

"I must hurry," she half sobbed, "He will think even I have deserted him."

The tired feet moved faster for a few paces but soon lagged again. The hill seemed so steep and the troublesome wind did all he could to slow her down. The last three years of sorrow and turmoil had told heavily upon Mary.

Condemned to die, He who had never given her a cross word, who was love itself, who had shielded her from all possible hardships, was now facing death. What would she do without Him? Who would care for her now? He had told her to be brave and brave she must be for His sake.

How well she now remembered the words of the angel who had come to her before He was born.

"Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favor with God."

"And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest."

Yes, and He was the son of the most High God and her Son also.

A shaky but determined hand threw back the long white veil from her heavenly face.

"Brothers, sisters, and friends may desert Him, but not I. Ashamed they say, afraid to own Him as their own. How oft I pondered as I rocked Him fast to sleep of the wondrous things that happened at His birth. The Wise Men, the Shepherds, and most of all, the good man Simeon of Jerusalem who had been promised he should not taste death until he had seen the Son of God. How when he took my darling babe into his arms the tears ran down his old and wrinkled face and he exclaimed, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word.'" They were all gone now, but she was sure they would not have deserted Him.

Again the weary feet quickened their pace but only for a moment or two. The rocky path made it so difficult to travel, and the gradual ascent made her breath come fast and hard.

"God give me strength to hurry on," she prayed, "I must not be too late, He must know that I am not ashamed of Him. He is innocent, He is truth itself, God grant unto me this last request, I cannot fail Him now."

The eyes in tearful agonizing appeal, were turned heavenward.

"I must arrive before it is too late."

It seemed as if the very wind had heard her prayer, for he had either quieted down or hurried off to other realms. The once tired and aching feet were now as light as air, her breathing was as calm as a summer's morn. The sloping hill seemed barely raised at all and rough places were made smooth and fair for her.

Her face lighted up, she would arrive on time. It seemed as if the earth beneath her sped, as on and on she climbed to Him she loved.

"How well I remember the wedding feast at Cana, when the wine ran low, I looked to Him and asked what should be done. He smiled and gave my hand a loving squeeze and

all my fears were calmed. The vessels by His side, at His command were quickly filled with water. Then the liquid was poured into the empty cups, and this new wine they all remarked was far more delicious than the first. A miracle, they said, but where are they now who once called themselves friends. They had deserted Him. They were ashamed.

The head was lifted higher. She was proud to be His mother and the whole world should know, that she who held Him first in loving arms, was with Him until His last day on earth.

She could now see the motley crowd and hear their cries.

"Crucify Him, crucify Him, and on our heads let rest the blame."

For a moment the devilish yells seemed to stop the blood from coursing through her veins, then a phrase she heard Him oft repeat echoed in her tired brain.

"Yet, a little while am I with you and then I go unto Him that sent me. Ye shall seek me and shall not find me and where I am, thither ye cannot come."

His mission was nearing its end, and He was going to that Father who loved Him so. The babbling mob could never abuse Him again. He was going home, to His eternal home. She knew all this, but oh 'twas hard to face the end, and that alone.

She was nearing the summit of the hill, would she be on time? He must not die before He saw her face. The ruffians sank back as the small slim form with hallowed face held high, pushed to the cross. They dared not bar her progress. They were afraid. That face was more of heaven than of earth.

She fell upon her knees before the cross. Her silent sobs shook the slender frame, when suddenly the voice she loved so well exclaimed, "Woman, behold thy son."

Strong arms lifted her from off the ground.

And Jesus continuing, said,

"Behold thy Mother."

"John the beloved." He was there.

They alone knew the great meaning of His death.

"I am the Resurrection and the life! He that believeth in me, though he die, yet shall he live."

First Aid for the Picture Passion

By Lorene Pearson

THE girls sat on the window seat in Dorothy's room. Ruffled dimity curtains softened the late afternoon sun. "You *do* have a lovely collection of pictures," said Madeline.

Dorothy held up her best-loved print again. In the distance were exquisite, blue-shadowed mountains, in the foreground a dim figure paced to and fro on a stone balcony with eyes on the hills. Then Dorothy placed it in her gay cretonne folder with all the others and sighed. "I have a perfect passion for pictures, lots of pictures," she said, "but the interior decorators say, *not too many pictures on the walls*. Besides, I couldn't afford to have any more framed."

"I know how you can have all the changes of pictures you want and still not buy any new frames, nor have too many on the walls at once," announced Madeline. Thoughtfully she examined the room. There was a little maple desk against the far wall. The largest picture in the room hung over it, a lovely "Alice in Wonderland"; the frame was beautifully hand-carved from maple wood and complemented the softly curved lines of the little desk.

"It's lovely, I know," murmured Dorothy, "but I've outgrown 'Alice' just a bit. Or maybe I'm just tired of her. She's been there for years and years. I asked mama if I couldn't take her down and put up this blue print without a frame. She was a little disgusted I think. She said girls were a big problem because they changed their minds so often—first they have a positive passion for one thing and then in no time at all a positive passion for something else. And I guess she's right."

Madeline looked carefully at the other pictures on the walls. There were just enough for the small room. There were two hung in identical black frames, side by side, and there was a gilt frame around a dainty wispy little girl with a basket of flowers—the kind a six-year old loves. And Dorothy was fourteen.

"Dorothy, why don't you use the same frames and put different pictures in them from time to time? My cousin Peg does."

Dorothy instantly tripped over to the maple desk and lifted down her "Alice." "I've never fussed with the backs of one of these things, but I guess there's no reason why I can't learn." The back of the frame was nailed on all sides, but a letter opener easily dislodged the fastening. They lifted off the cardboard back and then the fragile picture.

"Now take this cardboard," instructed Madeline, "and cut your large pictures to fit it, just a wee bit smaller if anything. If any of the pictures are a little too small for this one but too large for either of those black frames, paste it on a mat and cut the mat the size of this cardboard back. Nail the cardboard back on the frame then, but leave the nails out of the top side so you can easily slip pictures in and out when you want to change them. Of course that means you have to do something about the upper edge of your picture to give it extra strength for the pulling out and putting in. Peg pastes a strip of paper tape along the top and that does the trick."

Dorothy took her lovely blue print out of the cretonne folder. They

set to work and in no time at all the new picture hung above the desk in all its mystically blue glory. Dorothy danced around the room. "It's like putting on a new dress, everything is changed. And think, first thing in the morning the sun will find my beloved picture and I will wake to see it. And tonight, right now, let's light my candle under it."

Dorothy's bayberry candle sputtered, then the flame flickered softly upward and illumined the picture and left lovely shadows in the carved niches of the frame.

TO SPRING

By Beatrice E. Linford

Oft' I think the winter dreary,
And the autumn's parting sad,
In the summer's heat I weary,
But in spring, sweet spring I'm glad!

When the March wind's howl, and bluster
Making demons of the night,
The sweet thought that spring is coming
Fills me with a strange delight,
April brings refreshing showers,
Birdlings mate, and build their nest,
Buds are swelling, voices telling,
"Of the whole year this is best."

Then comes May sweet May with singing,
With her perfume laden air,
With her whitened apple blossoms,
And her lilacs blooming fair,
Mingled with the sweet narcissus,
The wild plums along the lane,
And the meadow lark near bursting
With a lovely sweet refrain.

Oh, sweet May, thou crown of springtime,
Leave us not we pray too soon,
Lead us softly through this singtime
To the glorious days of June!

The Land of Books

By Maude O. Cook

Traveler enters; studies traveler's guide; looks in all directions.

TRAVELER: Before me lies the Land of Books, I have come far to find it; much has been written of the delightful refreshment it affords the weary traveler. It is fair indeed to look upon. (Reads guide) I am told that if I desire peace and assurance, I shall find it here; if it is pleasure I seek, it is near at hand; if I would know of other lands and peoples, I have but to enter this enchanting realm; if on adventure bent, such conditions as I crave will be provided; or if I would escape from care, here in flights of fancy I may scale the heights and span the universe. (looks up from book) This is all well and good, but how shall a stranger, such as I, proceed to search out these marvels in so vast an expanse as this which lies before me? I know not how to begin nor where to enter.

Guide enters.

GUIDE: Welcome, stranger, you seem to be perplexed, let me assist you, I pray.

TRAVELER: Kind friend, I desire to enter the Land of Books in search of new adventures. I have been told that it is a most pleasing place.

GUIDE: The Land of Books is open to all, enter and enjoy the good things it has in store for all who would explore its wonders.

TRAVELER: I would gladly do as you bid, but the vastness of the field bewilders me.

GUIDE: I shall summon my helpers and they shall unfold to you some of the delights to be found in this fascinating domain. If you desire they shall accompany you in your travels.

TRAVELER: You are most kind; companions and much to the pleasures of a journey. A stranger in your good land would soon become hopelessly confused and lost if no one were at hand to direct the way.

Guide claps hands, Romance of Long Ago enters.

GUIDE: Here is a lonely traveler who wishes to visit the Land of Books; tell him where your path leads.

ROMANCE OF LONG AGO: I am Romance of Long Ago; if you follow me, oh stranger, I shall lead you into many lands and climes. Magic palaces, fairy god-mothers, dancing elves, mystic shadows are all along the wayside. The Orient, with all its gorgeous color and splendor, is awaiting you, to impress you with its strange witchery, its dreaminess and languid allurement, its entrancing mysteries and illusions, its pomp and ceremony. Here you shall meet Sinbad, the Sailor, Aladdin with his Magic Lamp, Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; perhaps the Caliph of Bagdad, himself, that " great monarch of fiction" will honor you with a visit.

You may explore the depths of India in "The Clay Cart" or you may go to the land of the north and listen to good, old Hans Christian Anderson tell of "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," or "The Ugly Duckling." You may wish to become acquainted with "The Soul of the Great Bell," a beautiful Chinese myth, or to have Hamilton Mabie retell those thrilling Norse Stories. You may follow Evangeline in quest of her long-lost Gabriel.

If none of these appeal to you,— I am sure when you reach "The Land

of the Blue Flower" you will wish to linger.

TRAVELER: You indeed have much to please and entertain, but I must hear more before I choose.

GUIDE: I shall call the Glory of the Commonplace.

Guide claps hands, the Glory of the Commonplace enters.

THE GLORY OF THE COMMONPLACE: I am the Glory of the Commonplace. I can show you no fairy god-mothers nor magic palaces, but I shall lead you to see the stars, the flowers, and the birds. I shall show you the humble cottage and the toil-worn peasant. You shall sit with me by the fireside as the wind roars and the snowstorm rages without. You shall listen to the whir of the spinning-wheel and the sputtering of the apples as they roast upon the hearth, while tales of the long ago are recounted o'er and o'er. You shall crack nuts "from the brown October's wood" and drink the simmering cider from the old blue mug as you watch the sparks fly up the great-throated chimney. With Whittier in "Snowbound" you shall shout with glee as you watch the "half-buried oxen" break through the high-piled snow. You may go with Goldsmith to "The Deserted Village" and sigh for departed friends and old familiar scenes. You may stand upon the hillside with Gray as—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

As the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,"

and view the little village as it nestles round the ivy-covered church. You may rejoice in the tender humor of James Whitcomb Riley, as with mingled smiles and tears you go "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" or to "The Ole Swimmin' Hole," or meet "Little Orphan Annie," or "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." If this fails to please, you may enjoy romance with "Janice Meredith," or "Richard Carvel." In these simple, homely things you may find "Acres of Diamonds."

TRAVELER: Your offering is rich. (to guide) What have you more?

Guide claps hands, Soul Harbors enters.

SOUL HARBORS: I am Soul Harbors. I shall reveal to you the ideals, the dreams, and the hopes that lie nearest the heart. I tell of friendships lost, of dear ones gone, of sorrows mellowed with the passing years, of visions fair of glories yet to be.

With Tennyson "In Memoriam" you may dream of another, greater life.

"That God which ever lives and loves:
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

GUIDE: We have given you a glimpse of the pleasures to be had in the Land of Books; there is more to offer. Perhaps you prefer the Magic of Imagination, if so you must meet "Peter Pan," or "The Blue Bird," or you may dance with the fairies in "Mid-summer Night's Dream."

You may choose to visit old England with "David Copperfield," or rejoice with Browning as "Pippa Passes."

There are many nooks and secluded spots which offer rest and quiet where you may enjoy such choice companions as Benjamin Franklin, or Elbert Hubbard, or Sam Johnson; even Jane Austen or Jane Eyre

may reveal to you their life's story.

If you wish to journey nearer home, we shall introduce to you, Lambourne's "Plet" or Alfred Osmond's "Exiles," an epic of the Utah pioneers.

TRAVELER: Yours is a realm of charm and allurement. You whet my desire to know more of it. I would explore it all if that were possible.

GUIDE: My friend, on the 3rd Tuesday of each month we conduct a Relief Society excursion into this wonderland and all who wish may join us.

TRAVELER: I am most happy to have so great a privilege and assure you I shall not fail to meet you on the 3rd Tuesday of each month.

Suggestions for costumes:
Traveler and Guide: Hiking togs.
Romance of Long Ago: Oriental costume, gay and bright.
Glory of the Commonplace: Plain dress, such as the Quaker costume.
Soul Harbors: Soft white robe.

HAIL THE DAY TRIUMPHANT

By Ida R. Alldredge

Lo, after the night time of darkness and doubt
When the windows of heaven were closed,
A vision of glory burst forth on the earth
A youth its sweet message disclosed.
The mothers of men, who for centuries past
Had bowed 'neath servitude's ban
Were raised to their rightful God-given place
And the Era of Progress began.

Chorus:
Hail, oh hail! the day triumphant!
Praise Jehovah and rejoice,
That the Heavenly portals opened
And the Prophet heard God's voice.
Oh, the glory of the dawning,
When His servant turned the key
And showed us a work of service
In our great society.

As women of Zion, awake and rejoice,
Make known His plan to the world,
And bear to our neighbors the spirit of peace
With out banner so proudly unfurled.
The Gospel of Christ its truth will unfold
Its rays ever brighten our way.
The path which our Prophet has bade us to tread
Will lead to the glorious day.

The Way

By Elizabeth H. Welker

THE parents of a child will make any sacrifice to give that child the best life has to offer. But, what is the best? Wealth? A college education? Undoubtedly through childhood and the early 'teen age school is the best place for children. But what is best for them during the upper 'teens—when life looms so big ahead of them—when they cannot tell which way to go or which way they want to go? They are swayed first this way, then that. Which is the way? Parents of Latter-day Saint children, will you listen to those who have found the way? Let them tell you as they told us recently, in a Testimony Meeting in Berlin. These are young people speaking, they range in age from nineteen up through the early twenties, but they have found the way. They are Missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, laboring in the German-Austrian Mission. Here are testimonies of some of them sent to us by their Mission Mother:

Sister Welker writes:

"So many times my heart has thrilled at the testimonies of our Elders. There has always been one regret, that the world could not hear them, especially the mothers.

"There is such a need for Elders in all the Missions, and the young people need the 'Mission.' I have tried to catch the spirit of their message. While it comes from Germany, it is the spirit of all the Missions."

Here are the testmonies of some of them:

"I did not care about coming on a Mission. I thought a Missionary had to sacrifice a great deal, but I have learned that the more you sacrifice the more you gain."

"I have learned more about real life values in these two years of Missionary life than I learned in four years of college. The President of this Church gave me the greatest gift there is in this world when he called me on this Mission. I had my 'Sheepskin" from college but I was not happy. I was selfish, I had no joy in what I did. Today I have learned to make sacrifices and it has brought me real happiness."

"Money does not make people happy. I learned that much at home. You have to be satisfied within to be happy. I have learned that, in the mission field, I have learned to be happy."

"Humility is the greatest thing a Missionary can have and my expense account is the test of my humility. When my expense account runs high I find I am not nearly so humble as when it runs low. Spending a lot of money does not bring a Missionary happiness, it is when he spends the least, when he is humble, that he is the happiest. Christ promised if we would live His Plan, we would know for ourselves. I have learned to know."

"I have never had so much satisfaction in my life as I have had since coming on this mission, after two years of college. I know though, 'It does not make so much difference whether I came from a monkey or not, it is whether I go from here as a monkey or a man, that counts.' I hope that I can always feel as I feel now."

"If you want to lose your faith, just try being inactive. I had had three years of college and when my Missionary call came I turned it down. I got away from the Church and my grades began going down. It was not so easy to get back. I cannot tell you how happy I am now to be back at work in the Church. I am happier today than I have ever been, for I see that life has greater possibilities than I had ever dreamed before."

"This is the most practical and happy life that I have ever known. I have been to college, but I think I have learned more on this Mission than I would have learned in five years of college, if I had *really* studied."

"I have learned that our message needs no fine trappings, just the garb of Truth, for it is the Truth."

"I have learned not to look for great miracles but to accept the small blessings that come my way, they are miracles and they have filled my heart with joy.

"I wanted to be intellectually honest with myself and I said I did not know this Gospel was true, but soon learned that I wasn't deceiving anyone but myself. I think I have always known that it is true."

"In this world there are no absolutes. I thought I did not have a testimony. I wanted an absolute. I know today that this Gospel is true. I have learned that you have to live for a testimony before you get it."

"Before my Mission my religion consisted of trying to see the other fellow's point of view and trying to give him a square deal, but I have learned that there is much more to true religion than that."

"I have learned that it does not matter what I do against Truth. Truth comes from God and will prevail. I know now that this Gospel is true and that it will prevail."

"I wanted to make others as happy as the Missionaries had made my own dear Mother, that is why I came on a Mission. I know that my Redeemer lives, my heart is full of joy."

" 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.' My Father died here in the Mission Field. I couldn't help but wonder why? Though it was a very sad thing, I know now that it was all right. When Brother Gurr died a few weeks ago, I couldn't help but wonder again, why? But the change that has come over our Branch since his death is astounding. Perhaps Brother Gurr did his work in that way."

"One man has said, 'The strongest part of the Mormon system is its Missionary work,' but I have learned that it is the "Spirit" that makes the successful Missionary. A Missionary has to be humble."

These young people have found the way, true they may lose it again, but surely the chances are not so great as if they had not found it at all. And yet they are not in the Mission Field to save themselves, alone, their first work is to bring the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ to others. Truly, "He that doeth it unto the least of these my brethren hath done it unto me."

Notes to the Field

Special Activities

IN hearty accord with the Church-wide program of relief and recovery, the Relief Society has suggested two Projects for Summer activity within the organization. Details of these have been sent to every Stake.

There is an opportunity in these great projects for the members of the Church, forgetful of self, to grow spiritually, to attain unity and happiness, if they enter whole-heartedly into this cooperative enterprise. Because a brother or sister has had misfortune, he should not be deprived of the blessings of service. There is a wonderful opportunity of knitting together the lives of those whom the forces of the world have tended to separate. Let us build to a high degree the "we" feeling, and make every effort to give all the joy of cooperation. When the Relief Society meets together to sew as a group, every effort should be made to get the sisters out and make them feel they are a part of the group giving service and getting the joy that comes from the social experience. Neighborliness might well be revived—three or four uniting on a special project.

Report blanks have been sent to the Wards and Stakes of the Church. It is hoped that a careful record will be kept upon these sheets. The Ward will forward its report to the Stake, where it will be compiled and sent to the General Office. It is safe to say that at the conclusion of the year there will be a record of achievement made, difficult to equal.

Text Books

AS already announced the advance course of Relief Society lessons will be published beginning with the August issue of the *Relief Society Magazine.* It might be well, however, to suggest the texts which will be the basis of the lessons in all courses: the *New Testament* for Theology; *Civic Sociology,* by Ross, will be used again for Social Service; and the three Biographies — *Abraham Lincoln, The Life of Julia Ward Howe,* and *The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer,* will be the texts for the Literary course. These books are all avaliable at the Deseret Book Store, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, where they may be obtained for study during the vacation period.

Work and Business

THE names of Work and Business class leaders that were given to the committee at April conference have been sent to the firms named below. We hope that you will receive some advertising material that will be helpful as sudgestions for your handicraft sections.

The American Crayon Co.,
116 New Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, California.
The Q. P. Craft Co., Inc.,
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Fireside Industries Inc.,
Adrian, Michigan.

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

New Zealand Mission

Front Row: President Beatrice Dalziel, First Counselor Florence P. Ross; back row: Secretary Catherine G. Westlake, Second Counselor, Ruby Thompson.

THE above picture is the Presidency of the most southern branch of Relief Society in the world. These dear sisters are fully alive to the interest and appeal of Relief Society work, and have sent to the office some very beautiful hand embroidered linen, a sample of their thrift and skill. This message and this picture from the sisters so far away is merely another evidence of the fact that distance is forgotten, and that the band of sisters the world over becomes one in the aims and purposes of our great Relief Society organization.

a newspaper. To quote from the paper: "A unique organization, that goes quietly about extending aid to families, as far away as Orange, on one hand and Evadale on the other, is the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"Heading the organziation now is Mrs. Sadie Williamson, and more than a score of women meet regularly, sometimes at the church, sometimes at the homes of members, putting up fruits and vegetables, making quilts and doing other sewing.

"A part of the church, which is on a high knoll in the Williamson community, of which the women are particularly proud is the large kitchen. Through their own efforts, the women have furnished the kitchen, and stored in the low shelves at this time nearly 250 cans of vegetables and fruits. All were grown in the gardens of the Relief Society members. During the canning season the women assemble and make this preparation to serve the needy.

"Just how much food in past years has been given away, or how many quilts have been made and either given outright, or sold and the proceeds turned over to charity, is a matter which even the Relief Society members could not estimate.

"The Williamson Settlement itself is one of the oldest in Orange county, or this section, being established at a point on the route where many thousands of cattle were driven to market on the Old Spanish Trail. It is estimated that it is about seventy years old, and many of the descendants of the former settlers now live in the community."

Texas Mission

A VERY interesting report of the Williamson Organization reached the office through the columns of

While the organization is officered entirely by Latter-day Saint women, there are many who assist the Relief Society in its work who are not members of the Church.

Western States Mission

A MOST interesting and full report of the splendid activities of the Western States Mission comes to us through the President, Sister Winnifred B. Daynes. This organization is animated by a real Relief Society spirit, and the marvelous development of the work is manifest in the accounts we have of the growth of its organization.

The above picture is that of the Pueblo Branch Relief Society. It was sent to the office some time ago, and the account of the activities of this organization within the one year is an evidence of that which is taking place all over. A year ago they were disorganized, now they have an enthusiastic group of women who are active members in every sense. They have a stock of fruit and vegetables prepared, they have improved their Relief Society rooms, and furnished their kitchen with the latest improvements. They are a fine group, working in harmony, and eager to carry on the splendid work of the organization.

The second picture is of the Denver organization, with Sister Daynes and her helpers in the center of the group.

PUEBLO BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

The Mission represents 25 organizations, with a membership of 514. These cover six of our Western States, and the reports from the Mission show that the work is practically on the same plane as that conducted in the various Stakes of the Church.

DENVER RELIEF SOCIETY

Cache Stake

A MOST interesting account of the Garden Project of the Fifth Ward Relief Society of the Cache Stake was sent into the office. We are submitting this report in full, as we think it offers excellent suggestions that may be put into effect in all parts of our Relief Society work:

"For the past two and a half years our Fifth Ward Relief Society has developed a garden project that has proved very pleasant. A garden chairman gathers or accepts plants, bulbs and seeds that are the surplus of their home gardens. These are offered to any members of the Society who wish to plant them. There is no cumbersome attempt at exchange. The beginning gardener has nothing to exchange for her plants except the labor of caring for something that will be enjoyed by all who see it. On the other hand, the full garden has no room for more plants, but it is heartening to find how many persons are eager to give roots and seeds for no other return than the pleasure of sharing them. It is an effort at cooperative enrichment of the gardens and the only records of the transactions are the plants that live and the feelings of friendliness that last even after the flowers die.

"The plants are wrapped in paper and brought to the meeting. Sometimes they are all placed in grateful hands before the meeting starts. If not, about three minutes of the meeting time are used to announce what plants are homeless. When possible, the flowers of the plant are brought to show exactly what the roots will produce. We have often given Iris roots with the blooms upon them. But most plants cannot be divided in the blooming season, and so we show the flowers, with a brief announcement of the name of the flower and the fact that roots will be offered later. House-plants are shown in the Winter.

"The marginal gardener who is almost too busy to work outside of her house can carry home a Michaelmas Daisy, and if she can just get it into some ground that is watered, it will probably bring her lovely blossoms the next Fall. Also, the gardener that gave the root will have lovelier daisies next Fall because the roots were thinned. It is a plant parable: 'He that loseth his life shall save it.'

"At first we tried handing out the plants during the meeting, but it stole time from the lessons which

are already crowded into such a short period. So we changed to our present system of a very brief notice in meeting with questions and answers before and after the sessions. Something like a little garden club may gather and discuss ways of starting rose slips or storing dahlias. Of course many of the roots die because of inexperienced handling, but the gardener can ask the reason for her failure and try again.

"Some very choice plants have been passed to new gardens. Here and there in the Ward you may see thriving little shrubs that were handed out as tiny roots. These are the physical gains; they are worthwhile, but the main reward is spiritual. The work is one more avenue of interest and friendliness.

"We are making this detailed report with the thought that some other Ward might enjoy such a project as much as we have."

Minidoka Stake

WE think Minidoka Stake should be justly proud of the record made during the last year. In August the Stake sponsored a tonsil clinic, during which time a number of children who had been physically unfit for school were given proper attention. The doctors cooperated with the Relief Society sisters, and did a most excellent work. This continued even after the close of the clinic, as a part of a project is to have all the children whose throats and eyes needed attention, looked after.

During the entire year the Stake was vitally interested in the Visiting Teachers' work. In the beginning a banner was awarded to the Ward having 100% teaching accomplished. It was not long until two Wards claimed this distinction, and so there had to be a permanent award made to the Ward which had 100% Visiting Teaching during the entire year. This Ward was also given a cash prize for its fine achievement.

In January of the present year a project to bind the *Magazine* was undertaken, and has been carried on very successfully.

The Stake Singing Mothers have done excellent work, and are in great demand throughout the Stake. They have furnished the singing for various gatherings, including Stake Priesthood Meetings and Stake Conferences.

For three years the Stake has conducted its Annual Banquet for the Board Members and their partners. The decorations have been of a patriotic character, including the Valentine motif. On March 17th, the Relief Society of the Stake, in connection with the Genealogical Society, sponsored a Temple excursion, in which ninety-five people participated.

The Stake is alive to its opportunities, and the value of planning. Many projects are under consideration, and fine cooperation with the other Church organizations, and some of the civic groups, is expected in the prospect of creating a recreation center for children during the Summer.

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VOL. XXIII JUNE, 1936 No. 6

EDITORIAL

WELCOME, JUNE!

AN old-time story relates that Father Time sends into his storehouse at the beginning of each year twelve persons who are to select the things they desire to bring with them when they come to earth. Thus each month comes laden with rich gifts. June brings Father's Day, Flag Day, a bevy of happy brides, vacations, beginners of delightful trips on sea and land, a host of graduates who are told and feel that upon their shoulders rests the responsibility of setting the world right. June is a month of joy, of forward-looking thoughts, a time of beginnings, and so we heartily welcome her and give thanks for the wonderful gifts she brings.

FATHER'S DAY

MRS. J. B. DODD of Spokane, Washington, writer of legends, well-known as the creator of "Children of the Sun," tribal studies of the American Indians, has the distinction of originating Father's Day.

She started promoting the idea in 1910 as a tribute to her father, William G. Smart, a Grand Army of the Republic Veteran, who had reared his children after their mother's death. She launched the movement in Spokane by presenting a petition to the Ministerial Association of Spokane "urging such constructive teaching from the pulpit as would point out the importance of a father's place in the home concerning the protection of womanhood and children, training of children and safeguarding the marriage tie."

It was four years before Congress recognized the day. Its celebration has been of slow growth. While the newspapers helped by giving the movement publicity, they at first treated the idea rather facetiously. They said, "father's main duty in life is to pay the bills and crank the Ford." Now the day, the third Sunday in June, is coming to be more widely celebrated each year. The red and white rose is chosen as suitable flowers. Telegrams, letters, visits, gifts to father, while not as numerous as those to mother, are constantly increasing in number.

SO many think fathers do not care for words of praise, appreciation and love. What a mistake! They are thrilled when their own children honor them. They are deeply moved when expressions of gratitude and love reach their ears.

We hope every reader of our Magazine will do all possible to increase the expressed appreciation to fathers. May they be lovingly remembered not only on this day set apart in their honor, but every day may their children not only by word but also by living worthy lives honor their fathers who have so willingly toiled and sacrificed for the well-being of their sons and daughters.

A TESTING TIME

THE Latter-day Saints will now have an opportunity to show how strong is their faith in inspired leadership. They now have a chance to demonstrate how wonderfully the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints functions.

A call has been made and organizations are being effected to meet the unemployment situation in the Church and to see to it that the Church members shall provide for those in their own organization who are in need.

While special efforts will be made to raise means and supplies, the God ordained laws of tithing and fast offerings if faithfully paid would more than meet the needs.

The Relief Society will play an important part in helping to provide for the needy. We hope all members who can will increase their offerings to this organization and will labor in every way to provide food, bedding and clothing as directed.

This is a testing time for the people of the Church. May they respond to the call whole-heartedly, then not only will the needy be looked after but spirituality will increase throughout the Church.

A NEEDED ADMONITION

IT is a strange thing that even religious organizations in order to raise funds will indulge in games of chance, and raffling is one of them. It is dangerous doctrine to say that the end justifies the means. Organizations had better do without means that they think they very much need than get such in any questionable way. The Church of Jesus Christ has come out again and again against raffling and all games of chance. Spite of this we find occasionally people trying to get around it by selling a chance and giving something that they claim is worth the price for which the chance is sold.

In the Millennial Star of March 26, 1936, Apostle Joseph F. Merrill, President of the European Mission, in an editorial calls attention to an item appearing in the public press in which a Vicar criticised conditions in his parish. He made reference to "a growing curse of betting and gambling that is ruining homes and characters." He said, "There is little or no parental effort to give a true motive for life because they don't know it themselves."

"Betting and gambling are sins—they are grave violations of a Christian moral code. They are debauchers of character, devices of satan to bring unbelief, sorrow, distress and suffering to God's children. Losses and disappointments due to gambling—betting is a species of gambling—not infrequently lead to crime and suicide. These vices are a black blot on the character of any person who indulges in them. They are usually secretly engaged in, for none given to these vices is truly trustworthy, and therefore cannot be given a re-

sponsible position where the handling of money is involved. No trust company will go surety for a known gambler.

"No practice or activity that aims to get something for nothing is truly honest. Hence no type of betting can ever be honest. Oh, yes, we know; some respectable people engage in betting. But this does not make betting respectable. No vice is made a virtue even though a bishop engages in it. How unfortunate! Even in this 'green and pleasant land' betting appears to be so general that it has become a national vice. No wonder the Vicar called his parish a godless place. A faith strong enough to take the people regularly to divine services cannot exist in any community given to any species of gambling. Gambling and a love of God cannot dwell together.

"The Vicar spoke of parents' failure to motivate properly the lives of their children. Those who have no faith can hardly develop faith in others. Is this not the real reason why the gentleman can complain of a 'godless indifference'? For unless the parents are God-fearing, the children are not likely to be. 'Like begets like,' faith begets faith. No man can have a greater responsibility than that of parenthood. God will not hold him guiltless who does not try to develop faith in his children.

"Readers, a strong active faith in our living Redeemer, Jesus Christ, is the greatest need of the age, both for the individual and the nation. If such a faith were universal, vice of every type would disappear and love would rule the world. God hasten the coming of such a day, for come it will!"

ALTHOUGH we have announced that we would not publish any more Magazine Drive reports until our next fall drive, we publish herewith one more.

We have learned that for some unknown reason this report did not reach our office. The Presidency, Lillie C. Larson, Emma S. Christiansen and Elnora A. Christensen did all the canvassing, and were delighted with the increase in subscriptions in their Ward.

Ward	*Stake*	*Enrll.*	*No.Sub.*	*%*
Mayfield	Gunnison	64	63	98

AND NEVER WILL

Jim: "Too bad, ain't it, that Repeal ain't balanced the Budget, nor reduced taxes, nor pushed off the bootlegger, nor chased off unemployment, nor brought true temperance, nor nothin'!"

Joe: "Yeah, but Uncle Sam orter ha' known by observation that nobuddy ain't never pulled theirself outa' trubble with a corkscrew!"—*Union Signal.*

A Study of Civic Sociology as a Foundation for Intelligent Living

INTRODUCTION

MANY people profess an interest in the social forces which form the warp and woof of daily life, but it is evident that most people live on the plane of least resistance with no consciousness of the influences which shape their existence. Among those who have some knowledge of social trends there are but few who pattern their behavior according to the ideals which are taught as part of social welfare. But knowledge is ineffectual without the deeds to back it up. The goal of social study is to stimulate actual participation in social movements. By evaluating individual responsibilities it is hoped that group welfare may be furthered. In pointing out the relationship between its members and the group it is to be hoped that the social service lessons will teach the interdependence between individuals and society. The welfare of each depends upon the other. The mistakes of each react upon the other.

The complexity of the problem is bewildering to the layman. And yet, if he is to understand the forces which govern the methods of his living, he is called upon to modify the habits and beliefs which have become fixed as the result of his life's experience. He must adopt new points of view to meet the ever-changing conditions of society. This is difficult to do, and he is dependent upon the quality of leadership with which he comes in contact. Parents, teachers, educators, and church workers are among the leaders and molders of character in every community. If their leadership is lacking in understanding, society suffers. These social service lessons are designed to help Relief Society workers, among whom are numbered leaders of society, to understand the social forces which are brought to bear upon daily living, to modify their existing opinions to meet the trends of the day, and to develop the ability to adjust to new conditions. They should encourage members to enlarge their present spheres of social service.

The lessons in the 1936-37 course of study, drawn from the great social issues which are attempting to better our living conditions, our educational system, our methods of government, and our economic principles, have a practical application for each reader. The understanding of that application and the reader's response to its challenge is the test of success.

Attention is again directed to the general purposes of the entire course as published in the May, 1935, issue of this magazine. Each class leader should bear in mind these objectives. For reemphasis they are again stated:

1. To develop spirituality through the promotion of human welfare.
2. To realize that the study of sociology contributes to the understanding of the great social problem of living well together.
3. To acquire a knowledge of human relations leading up to our present form of social organization.
4. To teach the individual her relations and duties toward social institutions.
5. To develop the habit of investigation and of active participation in the solution of individual and social welfare problems.
6. To realize that social evils do not happen without just cause.
7. To develop an intelligent attitude toward participation in all civic affairs.

L. D. S.
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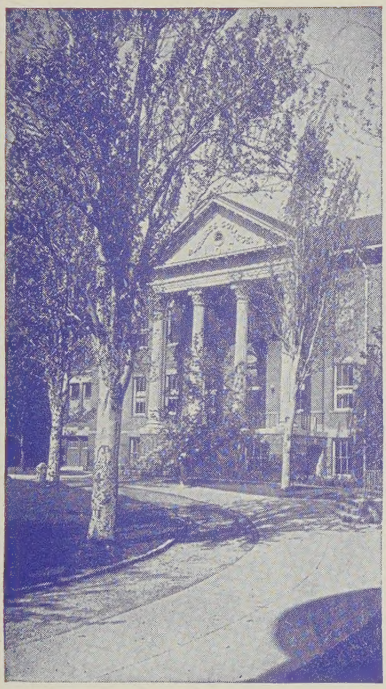

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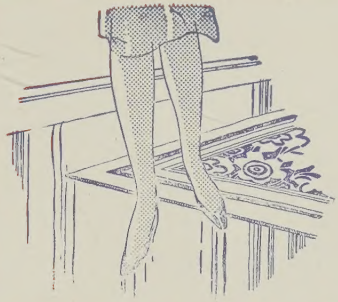

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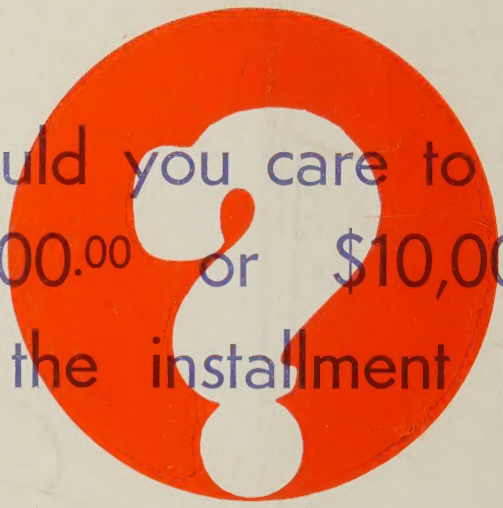

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